THE Nation

VOLUME 149 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • OCTOBER 7, 1939 NUMBER 15

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The Shape of Things

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BRITISH AND GERMAN EFFORTS TO TIGHTEN their respective blockades have speeded up the war at sea. Both sides have attempted air raids on enemy warships, but, despite conflicting claims, the thesis that air power has rendered sea power ineffective remains unproved. The Allies are reporting great success in submarine-hunting and assert that this menace is well under control. The convoy system is being rapidly organized, and news of the safe arrival of the first Canadian convoy comprising fifteen grain ships has been officially released. In support of Allied claims it is noted that the only British or French ship lost for over a week is the freighter that was sunk by a mysterious "cruiser" off the coast of Brazil. However, submarines have been very active near the entrance of the Baltic, where a number of vessels belonging to the northern neutrals have been sunk and others taken to German ports. Some of these were ships carrying cargoes to non-belligerent countries, while the latest victim—a Danish freighter torpedoed without warning with the loss of eleven of the crew of seventeen—was proceeding empty to England to bring back coal. Such incidents illustrate the sad plight of the Scandinavian countries, of which a more detailed account appears in an article by Keith Hutchison on another page. If Germany is able to carry out its apparent determination to stop all trade between these states and the Allied powers, their economic life will be shattered.

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IN ITS ISSUE OF AUGUST 19 *THE NATION* protested against the make-up of the War Resources Board: "Those who will do the work and fight the battles have no voice on the board; only those who will make the profits are represented." It is a pleasure to record that the President has announced that the board will issue a report within the next week or so, and then disband. Arthur Krock in the New York *Times* does his best to explain that this is no victory for the Administration's left wing. But Bernard Kilgore, Washington correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal*, regards the board's dismissal as a "come-back" for the left-wingers and concludes that "future national-defense expansion

Published weekly and copyright, 1939, in the U. S. A. by The Nation, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1897, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1897.

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and the preparation of industrial-mobilization plans for use in case of emergency are matters which the Roosevelt Administration fully intends to handle on the basis of New Deal economic and political philosophies." We hope Mr. Kilgore is right. Encouraging also is Mr. Roosevelt's rebuke to Assistant Secretary of War Johnson for writing a foreword to a new book, "Adjusting Your Business to War." We see no reason why the War Department should become a home for professional American Legion politicians. The *Wall Street Journal*, reporting the elation of Johnson's enemies, provides a glimpse of some of the issues being fought over behind the scenes. These left-wing enemies, the *Journal* says, "have tangled with him in the past on such proposals as, for example, the construction of government-owned airplane factories. . . ." We respectfully suggest that the President turn his attention next to the kind of dollar-a-year men (see I. F. Stone's portrait of one of them in last week's *Nation*) that Secretary Morgenthau is enlisting in the Treasury.

*

BUNK IS ONE OF AL SMITH'S FAVORITE words. "The distinction between . . . war material and non-war material," he said in his radio appeal for the President's neutrality program, "is essentially the bunk." Also the bunk was Al Smith's disingenuous attempt to make Mr. Roosevelt appear a greater isolationist than his opponents. If one were to believe the Unhappy Warrior the President is merely asking for a law to forbid American ships from carrying supplies to the belligerents. Smith made no mention of the real point at issue—the arms embargo. The evasion is not clever, for those opposing the President can answer by accepting cash-and-carry while continuing to oppose sale of arms and munitions to the belligerents. Too many participants in the neutrality debate, the President included, are operating behind a smoke screen of irrelevant generalities and fallacious simplicities. The real question is whether we shall help the Allies, and what effect help or refusal of help will have on our own destinies. Both political parties, Wall Street, the labor movement, war veterans, the steel-makers, the bankers, every class and organization in the country are divided on the issue. So badly shattered are all customary alignments that the appearance of Al Smith on the side of Franklin D. Roosevelt attracted comparatively little attention.

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MARTIN DIES HAS BLUNTLY INDICATED THE aims of the current Dies committee hearings. He wants the Communist Party and the German-American Bund outlawed; and if no legal grounds can be discovered, "we ought to just dissolve them." Mr. Dies cited the sudden dissolution of the French Communist Party as a precedent which might be profitably followed here. But the analogy is somewhat imperfect. France is at war with Germany, and Russia has invaded a country to which France was allied; the United States is not at war. This fact is a good deal more important than a dossier of evidence proving that the Bund and Communist lines are not made in America. There are, of course, precautions which a government in the position of our own must take to avert sabotage in industrial plants and foreign espionage. But there is an immense gap between such measures and a large-scale offensive which would drive the Bund and the Communists underground. A war against such groups, once unleashed, will not be easily controlled; for one Frank Murphy, whose zeal will be tempered by intelligence, there will be a dozen Martin Dieses anxious to play drill-sergeant. If anti-Communist hysteria is incited, its fury will also be directed against native left groups which have no Communist links; and if the Bund is driven underground, the persecution of innocent Germans here will inevitably be encouraged.

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THE COMMUNISTS OF FRANCE AND BRITAIN are in an even more painful position than their American comrades. With their countries actually at war with Hitler as the result of a stand against aggression such as they had long advocated, they cannot denounce the conflict as just another clash of imperialisms. At the same time they have not been able to cut loose from the Kremlin; so while their younger members take up arms to fight Germany, their leaders issue statements attempting to justify the help and comfort Russia is affording to the enemy. It is clear that, although large-scale defections have not been reported, the difficulties of this dual attitude are causing rapid disintegration. And now in France the party has been dissolved by the government on the ground that it is subject to the control of a foreign power which is acting in collusion with Germany. The logic of this action would appear stronger had the French government broken off relations with Russia after the Red Army's invasion of Poland. There is also force in Léon Blum's contention that suppression was a tactical error since the party was already breaking up. Driven underground, he suggested, it might find new strength. It would seem, however, as if disintegration must have already gone a long way, for otherwise the Daladier government would hardly have risked such drastic action.

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ESTABLISHMENT OF A POLISH GOVERNMENT in exile under new leadership and based on democratic principles comes as an ironic footnote to the events of the past month. It is now admitted, even by the former government's supporters, that the old regime must bear a heavy responsibility for the unexpectedly early collapse

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of the Polish defenses. For months prior to the outbreak of the war, opposition leaders urged the formation of a government of national unity which would represent a cross-section of the Polish nation. But the ruling clique would not admit representatives of the other political parties to Parliament, much less to the government. Although it relied on the democracies to defend the country against the dictators, the Polish government was allied ideologically with the totalitarian powers. Lacking a firm basis of support in the population, it fled long before the final collapse of the army and thus furnished a pretext for the entry of Soviet troops. In contrast with the well-deserved rebuke to the former Polish leaders represented by the new government, it may be noted that men like Benes and Masaryk are playing the leading role in the organization of a Czech government in exile. While ordinarily nothing is more pitiful than the perpetuation of the government of a non-existent state, the formation of Polish and Czech legions to fight for the independence of their respective nations gives at least some hope that these governments in exile are more than futile gestures.

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CHINA'S BID FOR AMERICAN MEDIATION IN the Far Eastern conflict is significant as the first intimation that a negotiated settlement is within the realm of possibility. It is presumably presented at this time to enable the United States to test the sincerity of the new Japanese government's spasmodic gestures of friendship for this country. China's terms, as presented by Foreign Minister Wang Chung-hui, reveal no sign of weakness. As heretofore they rest on a reaffirmation of the Nine-Power Pact, which guarantees the territorial integrity of China and to which the United States is a signatory. Should this principle be accepted, China is prepared to enter into normal political and economic relations with Japan on the basis of equality. Further evidence that China's bid is based on strength rather than weakness may be seen in the bitter resistance to Japan's drive on Changsha. Chinese morale has also been stiffened by the arrival of a new detachment of Soviet volunteers, an indication that Soviet aid will continue though probably not on a decisive scale. Details regarding the truce on the Mongolian-Manchurian border suggest that it may not have as harmful an effect on China as was at first supposed. It now appears that the boundary line fixed by the armistice is strategically favorable to Russia. Although Japan has been able to withdraw some troops, it is not reducing its "normal" Manchurian garrison. Thus it is left in precisely the same position in which it found itself after the Changkufeng settlement a year ago, except that it is further weakened by a year of fighting. Under such circumstances peace could scarcely be dictated on Japan's terms.

THE LOT OF A UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR IN that preserve of the Anaconda Copper Company otherwise known as Montana is no bed of roses. Two years ago Professor Philip Keeney, who had been librarian for six years at the university in Missoula, was dismissed without notice or hearing. Since then the American Association of Professors and the American Federation of Teachers have investigated and upheld Professor Keeney's position, and he has won his legal case for reinstatement in both the District Court and the Supreme Court of Montana. Now, however, the state Board of Education has asked for the resignations of Mr. Keeney —who was allowed to return but was relegated to small jobs and otherwise humiliated—and four other professors on the ground that they have "failed to cooperate." All but one have been at their posts for many years. The immediate agent in this attempted purge seems to be President Simmons, who was appointed in 1935 over the practically unanimous opposition of the faculty. The deeper reasons lie with the "interests"—old-fashioned but real—in the state headed by the A. C. M. One of the professors concerned has been active in the state labor movement. Another, H. G. Merriam, has been for years one of the most intelligent and liberal patrons of talent and independent thought in the Northwest. The high moguls of Montana have never liked the type—the record of the university is full of dismissals and investigations of such men. We hope this latest attack will have the vigorous attention of the academic organizations and of laymen who have a stake in academic freedom.

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THE HIGHEST COMPLIMENT WE CAN PAY the memory of George Cardinal Mundelein is that his death is a loss not merely to his church but to his country. The Catholic hierarchy, here as elsewhere, has too often been associated with the point of view of the rich and powerful. It was Cardinal Mundelein's distinction to represent a different trend in the church, one more in keeping with the teaching of Gospels not particularly sympathetic to the troubles of the prosperous. Cardinal Mundelein was a friend of organized labor, of the New Deal, and of civil liberties. His diocesan organ, the *New World*, was refreshingly liberal. In the 1936 campaign he showed his friendship for Mr. Roosevelt at a time when other church dignitaries and organizations were doing their bit to identify the New Deal with communism. He made a clear-cut statement on Coughlin after his recent return from the Vatican: "He is not authorized to speak for the Catholic church nor does he represent the doctrine or sentiments of the church." Cardinal Mundelein did his church a great service by demonstrating to the American people that it need not stand for reaction. Spain's recent history might have been different if it had had more Mundeleins, fewer Gomas.

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Embargo Battle Begins

THE struggle for the revision of the Neutrality Act has begun on the floor of the Senate. For at least a month, and probably much longer, we may expect the debate on revision to overshadow all other domestic issues.

The bill submitted by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and approved by that body is deliberately framed to attract as wide support as possible from middle-grounders for repeal of the arms embargo. The bill goes beyond the existing act in giving Congress as well as the President the right to decide that a foreign war exists and thus put the act into effect. It introduces a new barrier to trade by requiring that title to all goods, not merely arms and implements of war, be transferred to a foreign owner before shipment can be made to a warring nation. It bars American citizens and ships from entering combat areas, although there is no such prohibition at present. And it is stricter than the existing law in limiting credits to a period not exceeding ninety days.

All these changes will make it more difficult for England and France to obtain needed supplies in this country. The sole change of benefit to the Allies is the section placing arms, ammunition, and implements of war on a cash-and-carry basis similar to that proposed for all other exports to belligerents. Some authorities go so far as to insist that the introduction of cash-and-carry restrictions on trade in materials other than arms will more than offset the gains the Allies may expect from the repeal of the arms embargo. Already British and French shipping is being taxed to the utmost. Continued losses from submarine warfare may create such a shortage of ships that the Allies will be unable to purchase needed raw materials, to say nothing of airplanes and other primary war equipment. Limiting credits to a ninety-day period, without renewal, may also seriously hamper trade.

Yet it must be admitted that from an American point of view the requirement of a change in title and the restrictions against the entry of American ships into war zones constitute far greater protection against disputes likely to lead to war than does the present embargo on the shipment of arms. Our disputes with Germany in 1916 and 1917 dealt almost entirely with our sea rights as neutrals. If the Pittman bill is passed, such issues are unlikely to arise in the present conflict. The arms embargo, on the other hand, affects such a small part of even our potential trade with the belligerents that lifting it will do little to increase our already substantial financial and trade ties with the Allies.

That the bill will be passed much in its present form is taken for granted by most observers. Administration leaders claim that fifty-seven Senators are already committed to the measure. This conforms closely to independent polls taken by newspapermen and indicates a definite gain in support since the opening of the special session of Congress. Those opposed to repeal can count some twenty-five sure votes, but are unlikely to obtain more than eight or ten of the doubtful votes. It now appears that the chief struggle will occur over the section permitting ninety-day commercial credits. Although this provision is highly restrictive as it stands, isolationists are determined to bar all credits on the ground that they are inconsistent with the Johnson Act. Senator Pittman, quite unnecessarily in our opinion, gave aid and comfort to his opponents by accepting this interpretation and suggesting an amendment of the Johnson Act. If ordinary short-term credits are in violation of the law, it is safe to assume that all trading with debtor nations has been carried on illegally. The prohibition of short-term credits would drastically limit our ability to supply France and Britain with the materials they require. Any weakening of the Allies, as has previously been suggested in these columns, is bound to intensify pressure for American participation in the conflict. We trust that regardless of senatorial oratory Congress will be realistic enough to face the issue in those terms.

Death and Taxes

WAR demands totalitarian finance, from democracies and dictatorships alike. Just as the whole man-power of a nation must be mobilized for military or other national service, so must all economic resources. Thus the problem of a finance minister in war time is not merely to raise money; it is still more to force a reduction in civilian consumption so that the maximum of labor, raw materials, and capital can be diverted to war production.

Viewed in this light, the first British war budget, which introduces a scheme of taxation far more drastic than that imposed in 1918, does not appear surprising. During the last war the British income tax reached a peak of 30 per cent; last week it was jumped to 37½ per cent, while a sharp upward revision of surtaxes leaves taxpayers in the higher brackets with no more than 15 per cent of their net incomes. At the same time an excess-profits tax ranging up to 60 per cent and applicable to all industries has been promulgated, and imposts on articles of common consumption, including sugar, tobacco, and liquor, have been sharply increased. Even so, it is certain that unless the war ends far sooner than seems possible, British taxpayers will be required to make still heavier sacrifices. In the current financial year, ending March 31 next, a total expenditure of at least two billion pounds is forecast, barely half of which will be covered by taxation. The new taxes will produce an additional yield next year, but judging by the experience

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of the last war, expenditure will rise even more rapidly.

In 1918 Britain spent on the war approximately half the national income. There is no reason to think that in the present conflict the proportion will be less, and, indeed, with the far greater exigencies of air-raid defense, it may well be more. The problem of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, therefore, is how to force or persuade British citizens to make available to him goods and services representing at least half the national income. The latter is now roughly five billion pounds, and by lengthening hours and recruiting the labor of women and others not usually employed it might be raised to six billion. Normally four-fifths of the national income is spent on goods for current consumption and the remainder "saved." Therefore, assuming that all private capital investment ceases and that the whole of this 1.4 billion pounds is at the disposal of the national treasury, an additional 1.6 billion must still be squeezed out of civilian consumption if the war-time needs of the state are to be met.

In the last war the main instrument of pressure employed to attain this end was inflation. The state issued new purchasing power, which it used to compete for goods and services in a more or less open market. Consequently prices rose, and as existing incomes shrank in terms of goods, consumption was forcibly curtailed. But this was a slow process as well as an unfair one, for inflation actually added to certain kinds of income, enabling their possessors to consume as much as before. Thus the whole burden fell either on those with fixed incomes or on those with wages and salaries which failed to keep pace with the cost of living. Moreover, after it reaches a certain point, this kind of inflation is difficult to halt, and even when curbs are successful, the effects on the whole economic system can be devastating.

An alternative method of forcing a reduction in consumption is the one the British government is apparently adopting. In order to meet the demands of the tax-collector every British family will be forced to reduce its standard of living. In addition, certain direct methods are being employed, such as the prohibition of many luxury imports and restrictions on motoring, through the drastic rationing of gasoline, and on entertainments.

Despite its determined start, the British government evidently feels unable to go to the lengths of extracting from the taxpayers a full half of the national income. It will therefore have to resort to loans to make up the balance, which means that the individuals who subscribe must voluntarily eliminate some further part of their normal consumption. Should they fail to do so to a sufficient extent, it is likely that forced loans will be ordered.

The "pay-as-you-go" policy adopted by Britain may seem to add to the grimness of war for those not in the front line, but among its many advantages is its correspondence to reality. It does make clear the fact, which inflation finance tends to obscure, that, leaving aside accumulated reserves, the shells, planes, guns, and innumerable other articles used up in modern war must be provided out of current production. Future generations may seem to pay part of the bills, but it is the present generation which must tighten its belt so that the goods can be delivered.

Because the British went into this war without illusions, knowing what they were up against and at what costs victory must be achieved, they accepted the blow of the budget comparatively unmoved. Much greater emotion was shown by business men in this country, to whom it came as the final proof that war had lost all glamour—unless this country kept out of it. Whatever influence Wall Street may have had in getting this country into the last war, there is no doubt that today it is full of pacifists. So much so indeed that, were we confronted with the kind of situation which Britain has faced in the past few years, it would probably out-Chamberlain Chamberlain in advocating appeasement. There are no private profits now to be found in war, only death and taxes.

Moscow-Berlin Axis

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

EXPERTS are still busy minimizing the importance of the agreement signed last week in Moscow by von Ribbentrop and Stalin. I wish I could accept their conclusions along with their unassailable statistics. I find it impossible to do so. I believe, on the contrary, that the Moscow-Berlin axis is a solid and menacing fact that cannot be figured out of existence.

Before this is in the hands of our readers, my belief may be verified or blown to pieces by events. As I write, the Turkish Foreign Minister is still closeted in the Kremlin. After hanging around Moscow while Stalin and Molotov dispatched their business with von Ribbentrop and the Estonian Foreign Minister, Mr. Saracoglu was finally called into conference. The outcome of his conversations will throw more light on the attitude of Stalin toward Hitler than any other single development. If he is forced to accept an agreement which conflicts with Turkey's commitments to France and Britain, it will indicate Russia's intention to shut the Allies out of the Black Sea and prevent any thrust northward through the Balkans. As I write, also, Ciano is on his way back to Italy from Berlin with the details of the Nazi "peace offensive" in his pocket. Do they include a guaranty of military backing by Russia and Italy? When Hitler speaks to the Reichstag this week, we may learn.

I recognize the limits of possible Soviet help to Germany. Two weeks ago Fritz Sternberg, in an article in

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The Nation, effectively demonstrated the enormous discrepancy between available Russian resources and German war needs. Since then similar analyses have been published in the press, all indicating that the Soviet Union could not, even if it wished, contribute enough war materials to counteract the effect of the British blockade. And if Russia should send troops to Germany's assistance it would be even less able to provide the materials of war. These conclusions seem unanswerable.

It is clear, too, that the long-range ambitions of Stalin and Hitler are bound to clash. Behind the ideologies of the two countries lie older and deeper conflicts. Pan-Slavism is emerging from its brief revolutionary eclipse. Armed with revolutionary weapons it is likely not only to sweep south through the hungry Balkan states but to threaten the foundations of Nazi control as well. Certainly Hitler must be watching Stalin's present progress with misgivings. For the major victories in Germany's war have so far gone to Russia. Nazi troops swept across Poland, killing and burning; Nazi bombs shattered Polish villages and cities and slaughtered thousands of helpless human beings; and in the end Hitler took over half of the country. But Stalin took the other half—and with a minimum of blood and effort. The agreement reached in Moscow gave Russia the eastern sections of Poland inhabited almost entirely by White Russians and Ukrainians—poor peasants, mostly, who under the instructions of their conqueror are hastening to seize the farm lands and arrest or murder their former landlords. Germany's share of the country is richer, but it is largely Polish in population and adds another indigestible ethnic lump to the alien territories already part of the Reich.

Even less troublesome was Stalin's conquest of Estonia. Under irresistible pressure in Moscow, the Estonian Foreign Minister, Karl Selter, turned over to Russia the islands of Oesel and Dagoe in the Baltic and the town of Baltic Port on the mainland. With naval and air bases at these points, Russia will be able to dominate the Gulf of Riga and the northern part of the Baltic. And now, as we go to press, the Latvian Foreign Minister is in Moscow presumably to hand over to the Soviet Union the old seaport town of Libau only a few miles north of Memel. He is to be followed by the Foreign Ministers of Lithuania and of Finland. By the time the procession of pilgrims has ended, the control of the whole Baltic shore may have been deposited on the Kremlin shrine. This cannot please Hitler either.

But political relationships cannot be summed up in terms of reason and self-interest alone. It requires a different gauge altogether to measure the dynamics of change in Europe today. Revenge and the drive for personal power, patriotic nationalism, race mysticism, land hunger, mass unrest—these are only a few among the violent and irrational forces impelling men to wars or revolutionary alliances. In Germany a strong element both in the Nazi Party and in the army has long favored a close union with Russia. This group would be willing to swallow a larger dose of state socialism if Soviet collaboration made it necessary. In Russia, especially since Munich, anti-democratic, anti-Western, and anti-British feeling has swept out of official existence the old collective-security, popular-front policy. The Soviet-Nazi non-aggression pact heralded a new orientation that only optimists can today ignore. Both Stalin and Hitler look forward to a "new order" in Europe. However their concepts of this order may differ, both agree on certain basic features: a diminished or demolished British Empire, a new structure of national dominance in Europe and the world at large.

Britain and France will be asked, this week, to surrender to this new order. That is what the peace offer will mean no matter how it is camouflaged. It is certain that they will refuse—and then the war will begin. How it will end, no man can say. If Stalin backs Hitler, it will be for his own ultimate ends, but his backing would be no less threatening to the West. He may offer men as well as supplies, or he may provide gold for German creditors abroad. He may operate a fleet of submarines from his new bases in the Baltic, or send planes over the North Sea. He may launch a thrust in the Near East or through Afghanistan into India. If he moves in any or all of these directions, the war will be long and its outcome dubious. The next few days may give a clue to the future of Europe for years to come.

This Is a Queer War

BY LOUIS FISCHER

London, October 2, by Cable

HITLER doesn't shrink from slaughter. If he thought he could win, he would not propose ending the war without a complete victory. Much that has happened since August 23 testifies to his weakness, and Stalin has shrewdly exploited it. This autumn offered Soviet Russia its first opportunity for European expansion. It took it. That is Russia's business, but it forfeits the friendship of foreigners who abhor acquisitive nationalism.

On September 29, 1938, the British and French, under an alleged threat of war, yielded at Munich; on September 29, 1939, the same governments indignantly rejected the Stalin-Hitler "peace threat." Appeasers remain in high places in London and Paris, but the bulk of yesteryear's appeasers are intransigent anti-Hitlerites. Today they fear that a truce might enable the Nazis and Bolsheviks to coordinate their economies and thereby give reality to the nightmare of a Germany triumphant on Russian supplies.

The incorrigible Munich men, a handful of bankers

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and lords, now have Oswald Mosley as their ally, but they may presently draw recruits from their most passionate enemies, who begin to argue that since Russia has taken the lion's share of Poland and since the Allies cannot fight Russia too, they might as well call off the war. When appeasers insist on fighting, aggressors cry for peace. When aggressors cry for peace because they are in difficulties, those who were formerly the most vehement anti-aggressors and anti-Nazis adopt a pacifism which is Hitler's greatest hope. Churchill and practically the entire press have already turned down Hitler's coming peace proposal on the ground that the later the Allies fight this war, the worse for them. March 7, 1936, would have been much better. Britain therefore girds its loins for combat. The primary measure is the transformation of the chaos of capitalism into war socialism by means of industrial mobilization. Facilitated by the government's prerogative to seize property but hampered by the inviolability of the personal liberties of unconscripted civilians, this process moves forward with the relative smoothness and affected indifference of a month without air raids.

Most people long ago expected smashing bombing attacks on cities, spectacular assaults by armies. Without either the war is a bore, and they complain. Taxes and prices are higher; butter, sugar, bacon, cheese, and petrol are scarcer. The Englishman accepts these deprivations stoically, but the war has taken away most of his peacetime joys without itself affording any entertainment. Many theaters are shut; many cinemas are closed or close at six. It is no fun to go visiting in a blackout or even to spend the evening in a darkened beer saloon. "Give us back our pleasures" is the first British war aim. Wives who have been evacuated from the cities miss their husbands and are trickling home. And what a problem a few million urban children have created in the countryside! They pluck live chickens naked and get in the way of barnyard animals. The vermin and infections of the ugly British slums have been introduced into fresh villages and healthy county seats. Evacuations have mixed a thick social porridge. The rich report they have discovered how poor the poor are. The village schoolmaster thinks his metropolitan colleague rude and uneducated, but the London teacher feels he stoops when he spreads culture under a thatched roof. A London professor now living near Cambridge is a war-father to working-class lads. Harold Laski is training his cockney evacués, Max and Stanley, not to drop their *h*'s. The parents who come out on Sunday eat too much and don't pay, or spoil their kids, or rob the plowman of his one afternoon nap during the week. These have become national headaches.

The evacuations, the blackout, and the war itself are bad for business. Shops display business-as-usual signs, but business is far from as usual. A nation of shopkeepers groans. Some slack will probably be absorbed when industry is fully mobilized, but that is in the future.

So far war has few attractions, and it is not even made palatable by hatred for the enemy. The majority of the population are determined to see the war through but are neither optimistic nor pessimistic and just don't like the inconveniences without any excitement. Domestic propaganda is non-existent or inept. Churchill thrilled Parliament and the nation with his report of the naval war; others lack his artistic talent. His star is rising, and he is courting labor.

To rally the country and the empire (India) behind the government and the war, even the extreme Conservatives are demanding that Labor enter the Cabinet. Garvin nominates Herbert Morrison for the Ministry of Munitions. Labor hesitates and whispers its terms. The debate on war aims rolls merrily onward. "What are we fighting for?" sounds strange in the midst of what could become history's bloodiest Armageddon. If a coalition government formulated and propagated its war aims they might carry a stronger appeal.

The Allies' military conduct of the war remains masterful. The Englishman is developing a taste for Gamelin's laconic communiqués. Neither side has yet reached the deadly and expensive weapon of air bombardments behind the lines. The strength of the Siegfried line and of Germany's morale and economy are big question marks. The diplomatic puzzles—Russia, Turkey, Japan, Italy, and the little neutrals—are slowly unraveling. Turkey's attitude is encouraging to the Allies. Turkey's traditional friendship for Soviet Russia is sorely tried by Moscow's pan-Slav drive down the Balkans. This is what helped range the two countries on opposite sides in the First World War. The Kremlin is vigorously insisting that the democracies give up the war against Nazism. In this startling role Russia is clearly and objectively pro-German. Some Britons are not inordinately depressed; they are, indeed, frivolously unconcerned about Russia because they think Moscow is checking Hitler in Eastern Europe, because they don't rate highly Russia's capacity to export, and because they trust Stalin to betray Hitler. The action of Turkey and Russia and the firmness of London and Paris will assist Mussolini to make up his mind.

This is a queer war. Neutrals don't want it; Germany doesn't want it; and until the day before it started not all the French and British cabinet ministers knew whether or not they wanted it. Yet it will decide the fate of nations and perhaps of civilization. This war is unavoidable, like a surgical operation which the patient puts off, knowing that at best he can come out of it cured but crippled. The realization of the colossal cost of the war will bring a last-minute upsurge of humanitarian impulses when the greatest enemy of humanity appears in the guise of the angel of peace, but I suppose blood will soon wash away all doubts.

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Scandinavia in Peril

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

THE problem of maintaining American neutrality, for all the pother about it, seems simple compared with the difficulties of the northern bloc—Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland. All these states proclaimed their absolute neutrality on the outbreak of war, and all are desperately concerned to remain outside the conflict. Yet their geographical position in relation to the warring powers and their dependence on foreign trade place them between Scylla and Charybdis and in imminent danger of destruction should their navigators make the slightest miscalculation. Even if they escape this peril, the war must inevitably play havoc with their economy and social life. In this country the outbreak of war has apparently provided the long-sought fillip to recovery, and a pleasant vista of rising profits and increased employment has opened. There may be profits in it for the northern countries too—there were in the last war—but they will not compensate for the interruption of orderly prosperity, for the dislocation of industry, for the halt in social progress, and for the increased military establishments which the defense of neutrality necessitates.

Foreign trade has always played an extremely important part in the economic life of these small northern states, and it so happens that Great Britain and Germany are both their largest customers and their most important sources of supply. They cannot afford to lose either of those markets. Britain is the largest buyer from all these countries, and except in the case of Sweden, where Germany is slightly ahead, is also their largest supplier. But if Britain is in the position to put on more economic pressure, Germany, with airports within bombing range of all the northern capitals, offers a greater military threat. How satisfy both belligerents without offending either? That is the great problem of the northern states.

When I was in Scandinavia this summer and war was still only a prospect, although a very serious one, people were discussing the possibility of complete isolation, of refusing all economic relations with warring powers. But it was admitted that Germany and perhaps Britain too in their hunger for raw materials might regard this interpretation of neutrality as intolerable. Moreover, it was felt to be a solution only practicable in a short war, for after a few months the unemployment and poverty which would ensue within the northern countries would become unbearable.

Actually, this policy has not been adopted, and an attempt is being made to conduct a normal trade with both sides. It is hoped that since both Britain and Germany need the goods which the Scandinavian countries can supply, neither will insist on exclusive trading so long as favors are equally divided. In this connection I was told about a secret gentlemen's agreement which was negotiated in the last war between Britain, Germany, and Denmark. The last-named was, and still is, one of Britain's chief sources of supply for bacon, butter, and eggs, while it sent to Germany quantities of fats and many live animals. Germany was in a military position to prevent all exports to Britain, but Britain could have retaliated by stopping all imports into Denmark. Since Danish animal husbandry is largely dependent on imported feed, this would have meant that very soon food shipments to Germany would have ceased also. Hence the understanding arrived at: Germany would not stand between the Briton and his breakfast and Britain would see that no Danish cow went without its dinner.

It is hoped that this sort of mutual interest will again operate to soften the effects of economic warfare on the northern neutrals. But the sinking by U-boats in the past few days of two Finnish and two Swedish ships carrying wood-pulp and cellulose to Britain has provided a rude shock. The Swedes claim that these substances were not included in the German contraband list, while Berlin insists that they come under the heading "materials suitable for the production of gunpowder and explosives." If this attitude is maintained, the consequences must be extremely serious for Sweden and Finland. Forestry products account for an important proportion of the exports of both countries—in the case of Finland it approaches 70 per cent.

Sweden is reported to have protested strongly against the sinking of its ships, and it has one weapon, if it dare use it, with which to enforce respect for its rights. This is its iron ore, now the only important foreign supply available for the German steel mills. Immediately on the outbreak of the war a special German ambassador, Baron von Hassel, visited Stockholm and is said to have received assurances that normal shipments of iron ore, as of other Swedish raw materials, would be continued so long as no assaults were made on Sweden's neutrality. It now remains to be seen whether this privilege will be withdrawn if Berlin refuses to relax its interpretation of contraband; and if it is, whether Germany will accept the deprivation quietly or will attempt to enforce its will by military means.

So far the British blockade has produced no comparable dispute, but it is causing considerable hardship to

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the northern countries. Britain is bound to try to prevent Germany from getting supplies of vital raw materials via these states, and efforts to obtain guaranties that raw materials and food allowed into Scandinavia will not be resold are certain, as in the last war, to produce controversy. At the moment, however, the chief difficulty that has arisen is the prohibition placed by Britain at the outset of the war on a number of domestic exports. These include coal, which the northern countries have been bound by trade agreements to purchase mainly from British mines. Now, with winter approaching, a coal famine is threatened. It is probable, however, that Britain will soon alter this ruling, for the proceeds of coal sales will be needed for buying imports, and while war will raise the domestic demand, output from the mines is capable of considerable expansion.

However disagreeable the British blockade may prove to the northern countries, it is unlikely to produce much anti-British sentiment. In the last war opinion was greatly divided, and in Sweden especially there was strong pro-German sympathy. Today few can be found to cheer for a Nazi victory. As states which cherish both their independence and their democracy these northern countries have a stake in the defeat of Hitlerism which they do not attempt to deny. They have little doubt that a Nazi triumph would mean, at best, their reduction to vassalage, with their economic, social, and political life subject to Berlin's orders; at worst, inclusion in an Aryan super-empire. If there is such a thing as a pure Nordic race it is to be found in Scandinavia, and Hitler, as the new Nordic Wotan, might well feel his Valhalla incomplete while these "racial comrades" remained outside and pursued democratic heresies.

But while praying for an Allied victory, the northern peoples hope they will not be forced to fight with one side or the other. They are ill-prepared for an active military role and in various degrees vulnerable to attack. With the exception of Finland, which only gained independence in the course of the last war, they have led a peaceful existence for over a century, preferring butter to guns and using their surplus wealth for social rather than martial ends.

Moreover, although the four states have cooperated closely in international affairs, differences in interests, in military strength, and in degrees of exposure have effectively prevented the conclusion of any scheme for mutual military aid. Thus while each of these countries has announced its determination to resist any aggression, there must be many doubts about their ability to do so.

Denmark, separated from Germany only by a strategically indefensible land frontier and with only a rudimentary army, could hardly oppose invasion from the south with more than passive resistance. As a result its government has fallen into the habit of passive acquiescense to the demands of Berlin. Norway is as inadequately prepared in a military sense as Denmark, but it has no direct contact with Germany and could hardly suffer aggression from that quarter so long as the British navy remained intact. Even if it were not pro-Ally because of democratic sentiment, it would have to be for geographical reasons. On the other hand, the southern coasts of Sweden are but a few hours' sail across the Baltic from German ports. But Sweden, unlike its neighbors really has taken steps to repel invasion. Its standing army is small but of fine quality, and as there is universal service, it could with full mobilization put several hundred thousand men in the field. It is now concentrating on building up its air force, of which a considerable part consists of medium dive bombers, designed to attack transports attempting to land troops on Swedish shores. Geographically Sweden is aided by an extremely broken coast line. Except for a small strip in the south it comprises a maze of islands and long winding inlets easily defensible by mines, submarines, and the shallow-draft, heavily armed Swedish coast-defense vessels. Finally Sweden is prepared, if necessary, to abandon its southernmost province and fall back on a fortified line in the rugged, wooded Smaaland hills, the reduction of which would be a formidable undertaking. In view of these and other measures the Swedish military authorities have some reason to hope that Germany will think twice before attempting armed aggression or making demands of an economic nature infringing Swedish sovereignty.

The fourth member of the bloc, Finland, has its own special problems owing to its proximity to Russia, and these are now taking on an increasingly ominous appearance. Finland's comparatively large military establishment, which includes a well-trained permanent militia of 100,000, has always based its defense strategy on the probability that it would have to meet aggression from the east. Its chief hope of security was derived from the mutual antagonisms of Russia and Germany, and now that these are dissolved in mutual admiration it is in an extremely tight corner. It may have to face simultaneously an economic squeeze from Germany and political demands from Russia. It is almost completely cut from the west, and its only possible source of help would be Sweden, with which it has close bonds but no definite military agreement.

Until Moscow vouchsafes more information about its ultimate objectives, not only Finland but all the lands bordering the Baltic must speculate fearfully about the implications of the Russo-German pact. Clearly it has upset the whole balance of forces in the north and sucked northern neutrals further into the whirlwind which threatens to destroy all Europe. They cannot hope to escape unscathed; to survive at all their people will need all those gifts of character and social cohesion which have won the admiration of democrats everywhere.

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What's Wrong with Accounting?

BY KENNETH MACNEAL

I

ACCOUNTING and bookkeeping used to be twins; today they are fifth cousins once removed—and they live on opposite sides of the tracks. For the most part bookkeeping is a respectable, round-shouldered craft offering a modest living and no prestige. Accounting, on the other hand, has assumed the responsibility of certifying industry's complex bookkeeping figures, and so accountants—specifically, certified public accountants—have become professional men with all the legal and social rewards and penalties that status implies. They have accepted the rewards with easy grace, the penalties with some confusion. This is due largely to the fact that the profession, younger than most of the industries it serves, is getting its first baptism of fire.

There was a time when financial reports were simply certified as correct, and the brief words were accepted at face value. When the signature following was the name of a firm of certified public accountants as standard in the profession as Cream of Wheat is in groceries, it was considered to be a warrant of the contents. Quite naturally the public believed that such reports were based on fact. Quite naturally, also, the public accounting profession did little or nothing to point out the limitations of its work. For any soured finance, Wall Street was the convenient scapegoat. Accountants, the men who certified the figures, were never criticized, since no one thought for a minute they were not acting in the best interest of all parties concerned.

This was particularly apparent during the early years of the great depression, when the mail brought shareholders solvent-looking balance sheets one month and notices of bankruptcy soon afterward. This didn't make sense, but then nothing did; so why get excited about something that was probably all right and undoubtedly very difficult to understand? In those violent days, when principles of all kinds were dumped overboard, the principles of accounting went unchallenged. The accounting profession's chief concern was about the use and meaning of the word "correct" on its certifications. Except for this, the floods of regulations relating to all financial matters bothered accounting hardly at all; the SEC rules, directed largely at issuers of securities, demanded such a mass of additional information about corporate affairs that the accountants found business very good in generally very hard times. Any qualms the profession may have had about New Deal prying were soon allayed, and the SEC became God's gift to accounting.

Then in December, 1938, the fantastic manipulation of McKesson and Robbins was disclosed. The profession was chagrined; another huge fraud had not been detected until it was too late. Accountants generally were critical of Price, Waterhouse and Company, the fine old firm through whose fingers the criminal slipped, yet they were also sympathetic for the good reason that while every accountant exercises all his vigilance to discover fraud, he knows that fraud on the grand scale will always exist and not every crook can be caught. Coster was another Kreuger, they argued. It might have happened to any of them. But so far as the public was concerned, McKesson and Robbins was no Kreuger case. The public had been so enchanted by the role of the match king as an international swindler, and so agog at all the ramifications, that it didn't get around to placing blame. But there was no public enchantment about McKesson and Robbins. Coster had none of Kreuger's glamour; in the public's eye he was a dirty little crook who had got away with a gigantic swindle. This time Wall Street was not involved in the public resentment that welled up. The accountants were. Millions of dollars' worth of drugs, crude drugs that could be weighed and measured and felt, turned out to be fiction. For the first time the great uninitiated public asked questions it had never asked before. What occupied the time of the public accountants who got fat sums for auditing? What was an audit for if it didn't protect the investor? And what, for that matter, was public accounting?

A public accountant undertakes, for a fee, to examine the records of a business and to submit a report of its financial condition, called a balance sheet, and a report of the earnings, called a profit-and-loss statement. Certified public accountants are the aristocrats of the accounting world. They have passed a prescribed state examination in accounting, auditing, and business law, and in consequence have been authorized by the examining state to append the letters C. P. A. to their names.

Big business does not often employ a certified public accountant to do the actual work of preparing its financial statements, because these are usually prepared by accountants in its own employ. Neither does it employ him to detect petty dishonesty in its minor employees, because this is covered by internal check and surety insurance. It employs him primarily to obtain his certificate on its financial statements, in other words, his written assertion that the financial statements are truthful. A

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business must obtain this certificate in order to retain the confidence of the financial world. Without it stock exchanges would not continue to list its stock. The Securities and Exchange Commission would refuse to permit it to issue new securities. Bankers would decline to lend it money. A certified public accountant's certificate constitutes an indorsement of the honesty of corporation officials who would otherwise have little or no check on their actions. In many cases it is a stockholder's only outside assurance that the books have not been manipulated to misstate financial condition and earnings or to conceal major fraud.

But certified public accountants do not work for nothing, and, to keep down the amount of their fees, the scope of their examination is often limited by an officer of the company at the time the accountant is engaged. This officer may feel that a verification of all entries on the books would entail too much expense and may specify that only a partial verification, or test check, be made. He may forbid the accountant to communicate directly with the company's customers to verify accounts receivable, or he may specify that no physical count of the inventories be taken. If the accountant feels that he has been so restricted in the scope of his audit that he cannot certify all the figures on the company's financial statements, he will qualify his certificate and call attention to this. Otherwise he will sign an unqualified certificate.

Up to 1933 the usual form of unqualified certificate employed by certified public accountants read, with minor variations, as follows: "We certify that the above balance sheet is, in our opinion, a correct statement of the financial condition of the company as of December 31, 1931, and that the accompanying profit-and-loss statement is correct." This was a forthright statement—something an investor thought he could buy and sell on. Any doubts he might have as to the meaning of "correct" were promptly stilled by Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which defined it in this usage as "conforming to fact or truth."

But in 1933 a Securities Act was passed by Congress, and this act made accountants legally responsible, together with the issuers of securities, for false and misleading statements which they might make relative to a material fact. The original regulations under which the act was administered, promulgated July 6, 1933, by the Federal Trade Commission, required accountants to certify that after reasonable investigation they believed their financial statements to be true. This requirement caused great concern in accounting circles, and frantic efforts were made both within and without Congress to have it modified. On April 5, 1934, Senator Hastings of Delaware rose in the United States Senate and declared: "An audit is *not a statement of facts,* and an accountant should not be required to certify that the statements contained in a balance or profit-and-loss statement are true. *Such a certificate is really misleading.*"

On April 7, 1934, subsequent to conferences with representatives of the American Society of Certified Public Accountants, the Federal Trade Commission announced that its original regulations had been amended and that accountants need not thereafter certify to a belief in the truth of their statements. The accounting profession thereupon changed its form of unqualified certificate. After one intermediary version that proved far too candid, the following was evolved: "In our opinion the accompanying balance sheet and profit-and-loss statement fairly present, in accordance with accepted principles of accounting consistently maintained by the company under examination, its position and the results of operations for the year."

Why was such a complete change of front necessary? The accounting profession is not dishonest. Its individual members probably possess as high a degree of personal integrity as the members of any calling in the world today. Yet upon the passage of a law which would make accountants responsible for material untruths, their profession, without a single important exception, felt impelled to change its form of certificate from one which states that its financial statements are true, to a form of certificate which merely states that such financial statements *fairly present, in accordance with accepted principles of accounting,* the position of a company. Apparently accounting principles and truth do not make good bedfellows.

A complete explanation of accepted accounting principles in all their manifold complexities would constitute a course in accounting and cannot be attempted here. However, stripped of nice distinctions and minor exceptions, the complicated fabric of accepted accounting practices can be said to be based roughly on five broad principles, as follows:

1. The stated value of assets not held for resale should be based on their cost regardless of their market price.
2. The stated value of assets held for resale should be based on their cost or market price whichever is lower.
3. A mere rise in market price is not a profit, but if the asset is held for resale, a mere decline in market price is a loss.
4. Nothing can bring profits except what has been sold.
5. In general, understatement is "conservative" and commendable; overstatement is dishonest and reprehensible.

These principles often give rise to figures which are fantastically out of line with the facts, but accountants are invariably ready with a pat justification for each.

Thus when patents worth millions of dollars are exhibited in a balance sheet at a total figure of one dollar,

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without further explanation of any kind, this is justified as "accounting conservatism." When capital stock to a par value of $1,000,000 is issued for an asset demonstrably worth only $200,000, the additional book cost of $800,000 is exhibited as a balance-sheet asset called "good-will" and is justified by being called an "accounting convention." When stock salesmen's commissions, advertising expenses, and even the early operating losses of a new business are assembled under the caption "Organization Expense" and are exhibited as balance-sheet assets at figures corresponding to their cost, this is justified by the theory that these expenses are expected to produce benefits in the future and that they should therefore be exhibited as assets to be written off during the period in which the benefits are expected to occur.

When securities instantly salable for $100,000 are displayed in a balance sheet at their original cost of $5,000 with their market price shown in parentheses, if at all, this valuation is justified as being in accord with the accounting dogma: "Never anticipate a profit but provide for all losses." It is this reasoning which causes inventories to be valued at "cost or market price whichever is lower." Accountants vigorously maintain, in defiance of economic principle, that a profit is not a profit until it has been "realized," in other words, until the asset has been sold for cash or for a collectible claim for cash.

Suppose that on January 1 a business man invests $30,000 in 1,000 shares of General Motors stock at 30. The price of the stock rises during the year, and on December 31 the business man sells it at 60, duly realizing a profit of $30,000. He then reinvests the entire proceeds of $60,000 in 1,000 shares of International Harvester stock at 60. Accountants who audit the business man's books as of December 31 will certify that the business man has an asset of $60,000 represented by 1,000 shares of International Harvester stock and that he has earned $30,000 during the year. But suppose that on January 1 another business man had invested $30,000 in 1,000 shares of International Harvester stock at 30. The price of this stock rises during the year and on December 31 is selling at 60 as mentioned above. The second business man elects not to sell it, however. Accountants who audit his books as of December 31 will certify that he has an asset of only $30,000 represented by 1,000 shares of International Harvester stock and that he has earned nothing whatever during the year. Yet it is obvious that both business men started with $30,000 in cash and that on December 31 both had 1,000 shares of International Harvester stock. A decline in the price of International Harvester which would wipe out the unrealized profit of the second business man would also wipe out the realized profit of the first business man. In fact, there is no difference whatever between them. Yet accountants insist that the realized profit is a profit and that the unrealized profit is not a profit.

When accountants exhibit land in a balance sheet at its historical cost of one dollar per acre, though the growth of a city around it may have caused it to be worth many hundreds of dollars per acre, their valuation of one dollar per acre is justified as "going-concern value." The "going-concern-value" theory holds that the value of a fixed asset is determined originally by its cost to its owner, that this value is based upon the service which the asset is capable of rendering to its owner, and that therefore its original value to a going concern cannot change, regardless of changes in its market value, unless a physical change takes place in the asset itself.

Hence if buildings, constructed at high cost in 1929, become worth only a fraction of that cost in the depressed business conditions of later years, their balance-sheet valuation based on historical cost is justified as "going-concern value." The buildings may be mortgaged for a sum which greatly exceeds their present value, but the balance sheet will still exhibit a value based on the historical 1929 cost, and will thus indicate that the mortgage is fully secured. That was the reason why so many people unacquainted with the principles of accounting did not understand during the depression why corporations with prosperous-looking balance sheets were slapped into bankruptcy—there wasn't the slightest chance of renewing mortgages in the shattered real-estate market. But if what accountants said was true, the original owners of the Empire State Building, for example, should have lost nothing.

Behind these theories, which were invented largely to justify the preparation of balance sheets which exhibit historical costs instead of values, lies the embarrassing fact that the typical certified public accountant of today is, in literal truth, likely to be little more than a graduate bookkeeper. He is not legally regarded as a valuer, nor does he so regard himself. For the most part he simply satisfies himself that the bookkeeping has been properly done, and he then uses book figures with an almost total disregard of how they may fail to reflect indisputable facts. It is this emphasis on book figures rather than on present facts that lies at the bottom of such occurrences as the McKesson and Robbins situation. Here, over many years, huge non-existent inventories and many millions of dollars of fictitious earnings were exhibited in financial statements which were duly certified by a reputable firm of certified public accountants. If these accountants had been concerned more with the assets and less with the books, if they had been concerned more with physical facts and less with documentary evidence, they could hardly have been deceived by such simple expedients as false book entries and supporting vouchers.

[*The concluding half of this article will appear in our next issue. Originally scheduled to appear in* Fortune, *this piece was killed by the editors of that magazine under circumstances discussed in the letter columns of our issue of August 5.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Sigmund Freud

BY KARL MENNINGER

AT MIDNIGHT, September 23-24, 1939, Sigmund Freud died in London in his eighty-fourth year. His death came as a great relief to those who knew how the cancer which had afflicted him for sixteen years and which had necessitated operation after operation and caused him constant unalleviated pain had within recent months extended beyond the reach of surgical or radiological relief. It is an eloquent, though incidental, testimony to the heroic qualities of the man that during all this period his only medication was an occasional tablet of aspirin. Only within the last few hours of his life was any morphine administered, and despite incredible suffering, to which was added the sorrow of exile and the loss of many friends, he had continued to see his patients and to work on his manuscripts until a few weeks before his death.

The solemn magnificence of this brave and losing battle of an indomitable spirit with an inexorable physical process reflects at the same time the theme and the vitality of his life-work. His greatest concept was that of the instinctual conflict between the will to live and the wish to die, the life forces and the death forces. In his early years he passed productively and brilliantly through the phase of laboratory interests and then through that of clinical medicine (neurology), and made great and lasting discoveries in each of these fields. But he was not satisfied with these; he became interested in the more fundamental factors that served to determine not only disease but health, not only symptoms but behavior, not only pain but sorrow. And for the next three decades of his life he studied the phenomena of what he later called the life instinct, which shows itself most directly in the impulse to love and to reproduce. For this he was reproached and ridiculed by those many for whom the conventional attitudes of hypocrisy, prudery, and salaciousness impelled the relegation of sexuality to the role of a dirty and inconsequential incident of unfortunate biological necessity. When as the result of indefatigable patience and unflinching courage he had gained for his views the recognition and acceptance of scientific leaders, he turned to the consideration of the malignant force which battles against this life instinct. Man, he said, is his own worst enemy; warring constantly against the instinct to live and to let live, to love and to create, is an instinct which has as its object the return to inorganic insensibility; it is this instinct in the direction of death from which arise our hates, our bitterness, our suffering, our sicknesses, and our demise. This concept of hate aroused the same resistances and refutations as had his earlier concept of love, despite such frightful confirmations of it as the activities of the Third Reich.

It is a presumptuous thing to comment on the life of a genius upon the occasion of his death. Freud is not a man about whom one can write a few casual words, a few comments of praise, a few notes of criticism and feel that an appropriate gesture has been made to his passing. For Freud was not an ordinary man; he was not an ordinary scientist. He was so nearly unique an individual that it is difficult to find anyone with whom to compare him. No one in the field of psychology ever attained to a fraction of his stature. Among medical scientists almost none can be said to have approached him in brilliancy, originality, or influence upon medical practice. Perhaps no other one individual in the field of science lived to see the thinking of the entire world so profoundly modified by his discoveries within his lifetime as did Freud. Galileo, Dalton, Lavoisier, Darwin, these and others contributed discoveries which greatly modified our thinking and our ways of living, but the effect was more gradual in its permeation. For not only medical science and psychological science and sociological science, but literature, art, anthropology, pedagogy, and even popular speech show the influence of Freud's discoveries and show them in unmistakable terms.

All that Freud did stems from one simple discovery, a discovery based on knowledge which many had possessed before him. This was the knowledge that beneath the surface manifestations of human life there are deeper motives and feelings and purposes which the individual conceals not only from others but even from himself. Freud discovered a method for ascertaining and eliciting this hidden material; he called this method psychoanalysis. By means of it he and many others working with him gradually accumulated a considerable body of systematic knowledge about the unconscious processes of the human personality; this body of knowledge is also called psychoanalysis. It is psychoanalysis in the former sense which trained physicians use for the relief of suffering and maladaptation in their patients, and for further research in the study of personality. It is psychoanalysis in the latter sense which has come to modify the trends of literature, science, and philosophy.

It was from the fruit of his methodological discovery that Freud learned to understand technically, and hence usefully, the concept of ambivalence—although as a matter of fact this particular word was not coined by

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him. He became able to understand and to help others to understand that just as back of life there is always death, so back of professed love there is always some hate and back of professed hate always some love. More clearly than anyone else he saw how stalwartly the human mind defends itself against the acceptance of unpleasant truth. This helped him to be tolerant in the face of the ridicule, the misrepresentation, the slander and calumny, the bitter and unscientific refutation of his theories which they initially aroused throughout the world. He reminded himself and his students that all scientific discoveries which diminish the feeling of self-importance in mankind stimulate resentment and incredulity. And so, were he alive, he would not be dismayed by the astounding ambivalence revealed in some of the contemporary comments upon his life. It would neither surprise nor disturb him that a great newspaper (the New York *Times*) should have published—on September 25, 1939—an editorial ostensibly commemorating his death but actually vilifying him, misrepresenting him, speaking of "his colossal self-satisfaction and his natural intellectual arrogance," declaring with pompous inaccuracy "that psychiatrists still dismiss him as unscientific," flagrantly misrepresenting the facts about his last published book, and ending with the awkward and dubious compliment that he "was the most effective disturber of complacency in our time." (If the ability to disturb complacency is a virtue we should give some credit to Mr. Hitler.)

It is true that Freud was never happy in his feeling toward America, and even his best friends, many of whom were Americans, were never able fully to understand it or to alter it. He felt that we were characterized by an "unthinking optimism and a shallow activity." He was always suspicious of the popularity his theories and techniques acquired in this country. It is an ironic paradox that America should today be the country in which his theories are best known and most widely accepted. This is true not only of the general public but of medical scientists.

Sigmund Freud finally succumbed to death after many years spent in deflecting it from others. He was subject to prejudices and complexes although he spent his life in eliminating them from others. But these things do not detract from his greatness; indeed, it can be fairly said that he gave evidence of fewer prejudices and fewer complexes than most men, just as he retained his grasp on life longer than most men. What cannot be conveyed in words is Freud's ineffable modesty and gentleness and essential sweetness of character, for he had the qualities of the true scientist, and he never for one moment forgot that he was only a passing observer. To the eternal blessing of the human race, his sharp eyes and his great mind made his observations uniquely effulgent.

The C. I. O. Loses Hollywood

BY MURRAY ROSS

THE C. I. O. has just suffered one of the most serious defeats of its entire existence. In an election held by the National Labor Relations Board on September 20 it lost Hollywood labor by an overwhelming majority to the A. F. of L. The United Studio Technicians' Guild, financed and directed by the C. I. O., was contesting the right of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, the A. F. of L. stagehands' union, to represent 12,000 studio technicians. Harry Bridges and John Brophy believed victory to be in the C. I. O. bag, but it was snatched from them by the A. F. of L.

The importance of this election is out of proportion to the number of workers involved. The movie industry is the stronghold of unionism in Los Angeles, and the strategy of the C. I. O. was to capture the labor movement of Southern California by attacking the A. F. of L. fortress. This campaign was conducted by the best C. I. O. talent and was lavishly financed, since both the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. believe that the Pacific Coast may well prove a decisive factor in the national contest between them. In the past year the C. I. O. has been in retreat there, and it spared no effort to stage a comeback. The motion-picture industry was essential to further advance.

The International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, which won the election, is the most powerful labor organization in the motion-picture industry. Although commonly known as the stagehands' union, it includes projectionists in the motion-picture houses and some twenty crafts in the studios. It derives its strength from its control of the highly skilled projectionists and from the strong-arm methods to which its leaders resort in asserting that control. The box office is the pulse of the motion-picture industry, and the producers shudder at the mere thought of closing down the theaters. In January, 1936, by threatening a strike of the projectionists, President Browne of the I. A. T. S. E. obtained a closed-shop agreement covering numerous studio crafts, and compelled some 12,000 reluctant workers to join his union at a time when he had no more than 100 members

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on all the Hollywood lots. After concluding this bargain, President Browne, anticipating a rank-and-file rebellion, proclaimed a state of emergency in the Hollywood locals and placed them under the autocratic rule of his personal representatives, among whom was the notorious Chicago gunman Willie Bioff. These men collected hundreds of thousands of dollars in dues and special assessments without any accounting to the membership.

The recent Labor Board election and the previous two-year labor war in movieland, which threatened to culminate last month in an industry-wide strike, were a direct outgrowth of this ignominious deal. Many studio technicians did not like being herded into an organization notorious for its racketeering leadership or being obliged to pay exorbitant dues to support an organization not of their own choosing. Some joined together in open rebellion when Browne's former bodyguard, Willie Bioff, admitted to a Sacramento grand jury that on the conclusion of the deal he had received $100,000 as a "loan" from a prominent producer. A progressive-Communist coalition was formed in the union to wrest control from the international officers by demanding the restitution of local autonomy and the abolition of a 2 per cent special assessment for a so-called defense fund. This dissident element in the I. A. T. S. E. chose to fight it out within the organization. After several futile attempts to capture the union it launched the United Studio Technicians' Guild on July 5, 1939, with C. I. O. indorsement and support. This organization challenged A. F. of L. supremacy in Hollywood, and until it was defeated in the Labor Board election served as the basis of C. I. O. hopes to penetrate the amusement field.

In the spring of 1937 I. A. T. S. E. domination of studio labor confronted Hollywood with its largest jurisdictional strike. The painters and the I. A. T. S. E. both claimed jurisdiction over the make-up artists and hairdressers. These crafts had been organized by an imaginative business agent of the painters' union, but the I. A. T. S. E. refused to allow the producers to recognize the painters unless the latter parted company with those members whose brushes moved over faces rather than on walls; under the Studio Basic Agreement of 1926 the I. A. T. S. E. could dictate to the producers which labor organizations they might recognize. When the painters struck, they were joined by eleven other crafts which had been prevented by the I. A. T. S. E. from obtaining recogtion from the producers. Among the larger unions joining the painters' strike was the Studio Utility Workers' Local—Hollywood for common laborers—with its 1,500 members, who wanted recognition and 75 cents an hour instead of the 65 cents they were getting. Victory in this strike would have meant the end of I. A. T. S. E. domination of the studios and freedom for the producers to recognize other unions. The I. A. T. S. E. decided to put an end to such heresy. It established a new classification, "Class B grip," for laborers, in its studio technicians' local. After forcing upon the producers a wage scale of 87½ cents an hour for the new classification, it raided the Studio Utility Workers' Local and placed the laborers as its own members. Needless to say the strike was lost.

Such tactics had naturally antagonized the other A. F. of L. unions. Consequently, what the I. A. T. S. E. feared most in its dispute with the U. S. T. G. was not the strength of its young opponent but its own weakness. For almost thirty years it had fought every other A. F. of L. union in Hollywood, and these unions, it feared, would now side with the enemy. This is probably what would have occurred if the U. S. T. G. had not been linked with the C. I. O. and the Communists. If a rival organization without such affiliations could have been established, it would have had more than an even chance of winning the allegiance of studio labor. Before this threat the A. F. of L. unions in Hollywood, normally divided against themselves, were ready to discuss peace terms.

President Browne adopted a policy of appeasement. Willie Bioff was temporarily displaced. The help of the Los Angeles Central Labor Council, upon which the I. A. T. S. E. normally looked with disdain and whose authority it had flouted, was now solicited. Its secretary, J. W. Buzzell, a seasoned A. F. of L. trade unionist, was dispatched by plane on a secret mission to Atlantic City, where William Green and Mr. Browne were sitting in judgment on the stagehands-actors controversy. Apparently the proper assurances were given; the I. A. T. S. E. was willing to pay the price of remaining in Hollywood. It would return all the members it had taken in raids on other unions, and the Central Labor Council would decide the matter of jurisdiction. Once this was accomplished, the I. A. T. S. E. would no longer bar other unions from producer recognition under the Studio Basic Agreement of 1926. In return, the other craft unions promised to hold their members in line and to deliver their vote to the I. A. T. S. E. in the Labor Board election.

While Hollywood was embroiled in the C. I. O.-A. F. of L. wrangle, the American public was being treated daily to front-page headlines containing such distinguished names as Tallulah Bankhead, Sophie Tucker, Lawrence Tibbett, Ralph Morgan, Eddie Cantor, and numerous other stars of the stage and screen. Under these headlines appeared the story of a stagehands-versus-actors controversy which was a direct outgrowth of the U. S. T. G.-I. A. T. S. E. battle. The struggle between the crafts and the talents for the control of studio labor had gone on for several years. But the incident which led to the recent explosion occurred during the 1937 strike of the make-up artists. An extra in the Screen Actors' Guild obtained a card in the I. A. T. S. E. Contrary to guild policy she scabbed as a make-up artist, and the guild suspended her. In reprisal the I. A. T. S. E.

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threatened to raid it of all its extras. The guild took the matter before the Associated Actors and Artists of America, a holding company of eleven actor unions. The subsidiaries of the A. A. A. A., with one exception, voted to combat the I. A. T. S. E. threat. The exception was the American Federation of Actors, the variety actors' subsidiary. Ralph Whitehead, secretary of the A. F. A., then left for Miami, where George Browne and William Green were attending the sessions of the A. F. of L. Executive Council.

Whitehead's group consisted of variety actors in night clubs, cabarets, and vaudeville. The I. A. T. S. E. plan was to outflank the actors by means of Whitehead's organization and the disgruntled extras of the Screen Actors' Guild. The ultimate aim was to emasculate the Four A's, leaving it only a few stars in the high-income brackets. Control of amusement labor would then be restored to the stagehands, and there would be no one to challenge it. To the stagehands a $5,000-a-week trade unionist is a travesty upon the labor movement.

The stagehands' contest with the actors was brought to a head by more recent developments. In the past year the stagehands and their friends the musicians were building up Whitehead's variety actors' branch of the Four A's and had more than doubled its membership. Apparently they planned to raid the actors democratically—by Whitehead's acquisition of a majority in the Four A's. When this strategy was understood, the voting rules in the Four A's were changed. In the name of democracy it was decided that no union, no matter how big, should control more than one-third of the votes. This move acquires considerable significance when it is realized that in the past year the membership of the Screen Actors' Guild has dropped from about 13,000 to 8,000 and that a similar drop is expected this year as a result of the "decasualization" of extras. The change in voting procedure prevented Whitehead's immediate capture of the actors' organization.

The stalemate was broken by Whitehead's expulsion from the Four A's. Charges were filed against him, and he was expelled for misapplication of funds. His real guilt lay in his readiness to deliver the actors to the stagehands, as was proved by his subsequent actions. In addition he was said to have negotiated some of his union's worst agreements.

When he was expelled from the Four A's, Whitehead took along his union and obtained a charter for it from the I. A. T. S. E., thus creating a jurisdictional dispute which had to be handled by the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. To counter this move, the Four A's chartered a new variety actors' union, the American Guild of Variety Artists. This union made little progress, however, because of the insistence of the musicians that variety artists belong to the A. F. A. Secretary Thomson of the Screen Actors' Guild, as well as other officials, undoubtedly believed that Mr. Browne was so busy fighting the United Studio Technicians' Guild in Hollywood that he would try to avoid a quarrel with the Four A's. Once rid of Whitehead, they figured, they would have less reason to fear Mr. Browne in the future—not an unreasonable assumption, judged by the outcome.

For two years Mr. Whitehead had been cultivating not only President Browne but also President Green. He now decided to capitalize on his investment. There is some doubt whether the I. A. T. S. E. took over the variety actors at this time because George Browne wanted it or because William Green asked it. Green had never quite liked the idea of permitting the actors to dominate amusement labor. They frequently stayed away from A. F. of L. conventions, they worked "under contracts," and they kept apart from A. F. of L. politics. Besides, Green cherished Whitehead's friendship. Through Whitehead he had met Sophie Tucker, and the father of American labor apparently enjoyed the association with the mother of American vaudeville.

Sophie Tucker's role in the entire controversy was a puzzling one. Her siding with the A. F. A. and acceptance of the I. A. T. S. E. charter led to her expulsion by the Four A's. Since the formal charge against Whitehead was that of misapplication of funds, she faced the choice of admitting mismanagement in the union of which she was president or of going along with it. Because of her expulsion from the Four A's no Equity member could appear with her in "Leave It to Me." The stagehands threatened a strike if a substitute were put in. This would have closed every Broadway theater.

The only way to save Whitehead was to bring his case before the A. F. of L. Executive Council, of which Green and Browne are members. This could be done only by cooking up a jurisdictional dispute. Browne, either on his own initiative or at Mr. Green's request, promptly provided the excuse. The decision, of course, was a clear-cut victory for Whitehead. Apparently the A. F. of L. was willing to shut down every theater on Broadway to save the job of one trade-union official.

The actors' leaders were greatly displeased with the decision, because while the I. A. T. S. E. was ordered to return the American Federation of Actors to the Four A's, Whitehead was permitted to remain as secretary. Kenneth Thomson and others of the Screen Actors' Guild realized its implications. The stagehands would return their plunder now, but after the Hollywood fight was over they could resume their claims. The actors realized that if they were ever to curb the stagehands' ambition to take them over, they must do it while the I. A. T. S. E. was fighting for life in Hollywood.

The stars felt that their airplane trip to the A. F. of L. Executive Council in Atlantic City, which cost about $20,000, was a complete failure. In no mood to waste any more time they held secret conferences with leaders

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of the United Studio Technicians' Guild. Fed up with the A. F. of L., they decided to quit the federation and to join the C. I. O. They planned the formation of a talent-craft alliance. John L. Lewis was consulted. He appeared interested but refused to issue a charter until after the fight was over. This was his biggest mistake, for before the fight was over, the actors were back in the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. was routed from Hollywood.

When President Browne became aware of the negotiations, he immediately realized that he had overstepped his bounds. The actors are a powerful group. Their lobbying on the studio lots would go a long way to help the U. S. T. G. to win the election. Many of the A. F. of L. crafts feared that Browne might break his promise to them and were anxiously inquiring what terms the U. S. T. G. stood ready to offer. It was too great a risk for the I. A. T. S. E. to take. The actors were in a position to swing the election one way or the other. In order to play safe Mr. Browne capitulated to them a few hours before they were to take a strike vote.

In the peace pact Browne recognized the independence of the Four A's, promised never to raid them again, and accepted their verdict in the Whitehead case. In return, the Screen Actors' Guild promised its aid in the Labor Board election. As may readily be seen, this agreement was at the expense not only of Whitehead but also of the U. S. T. G. This is the second time that the actors in Hollywood have used the left-wing groups to intimidate the I. A. T. S. E. and win their point. Resentment of U. S. T. G. members against what they consider a betrayal will grow as more and more men fail to get work in the studios. Many are blacklisted by the I. A. T. S. E., and so long as it has a closed-shop agreement, they may be considered permanent casualties of the labor war.

Though the technicians may well consider themselves betrayed by the Screen Actors' Guild, it must be remembered that when the U. S. T. G. first challenged the I. A. T. S. E., it did so without any promise of support from the guild. Moreover, the U. S. T. G. killed its few remaining chances of winning the election by incompetent handling of the case before the Labor Board. Joseph Padway, chief counsel of the A. F. of L., who was handling the election for the I. A. T. S. E., outsmarted the U. S. T. G. on every single point. The most damaging of the guild's concessions was to allow the I. A. T. S. E. to negotiate wage, hour, and working-condition agreements before the election. A last-minute effort to rectify this error failed. When the I. A. T. S. E. shrewdly asked a 20 per cent wage increase, the question before the voters was no longer who should represent them, but whether they preferred a contract containing a 20 per cent increase to taking their chances with the U. S. T. G. and seeing what it could obtain for them. It is easy to understand why, when the election was over, the vote stood 4,460 for I. A. T. S. E., 1,967 for U. S. T. G.

In the Wind

AT THE AMERICAN LEGION convention a subcommittee drafted a statement recommending that the Legion take no stand on the embargo issue. The statement emphasized that "the Legion is not a lawmaking body." The midnight edition of the New York *Times* quoted the subcommittee as stating that "the Legion is not a law-abiding body."

TRADE PAPERS here are full of cabled news on war-time fashions in London. The *Women's Wear Daily* reports: "A new type of clothes has sprung up in London. They are called Night-Time Air-Raid Fashions, or Dugout Coats. They are designed for women who must leave their beds to take shelter at night. They are built on house-coat lines in warm fabrics, always with a slide closing for speed."

OBSERVERS TRYING to weigh American opinion on the war are baffled by one major discrepancy between the Gallup and Fortune polls. Both asked: If England and France are losing, should the United States send military aid? The Gallup poll reported that 44 per cent of those interviewed said yes; *Fortune,* that only 13.5 per cent took that position.

NEWSPAPERMEN SAY that a bitter row in the *Herald Tribune* offices preceded Leland Stowe's departure for Europe—as a correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News.*

AMONG LEADERS of left-wing organizations there is widespread fear that their groups may be outlawed in the not too distant future. They say their meetings are apparently being closely watched, and they are making plans to "go underground" if necessary. Their chief hopes are pinned on Attorney General Murphy's liberal record and his past reluctance to tolerate anti-red hysteria. It may be significant in this connection that he is scheduled to address a conference on civil liberties being staged by the American Civil Liberties Union next month.

LAWRENCE TODD, Washington correspondent for the Tass (Soviet) news agency, attended a private gathering in the capital recently at which several New Dealers were present. Todd explained the Russo-German pact as merely a momentary maneuver, with Stalin prepared to turn on Hitler at the earliest opportunity. Todd didn't know that one of the guests was a correspondent for the *Workers' Age,* an anti-Stalinist organ, which promptly and undiplomatically published the story.

SUBSCRIBERS TO French newspapers here have been surprised to note that the censor is eliminating cross-word puzzles. In several instances there has been white space, signifying that the material had been banned, where the puzzle had formerly appeared. The explanation is that cross-word puzzles have long been a medium for spy communication.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London September 12

THE German wireless continues to broadcast stories of the dreadful conditions in London—children without milk, and despair and desolation on every side Curiously enough, I cannot seem to discover any of this. The Hitler liars would never dare tell their people how calmly England continues to take the tremendous readjustment of life which a brief two weeks have brought to pass. Of course, there is some "grousing" and some justified fault-finding. Many of the hundred questions asked in Parliament on Wednesday had to do with matters that really need readjustment, as the opposition leaders proved. But the calm resignation and determination of the people continue to be as extraordinary as I have already reported. There are absolutely no protests against the war by groups or individuals. Some conscientious objectors have been brought before tribunals, but there is nothing resembling the intellectual opposition to the war that was so widespread in 1914. The convinced pacifists who have not lost their faith can do nothing now but keep in touch with one another and urge that the government formulate its peace proposals as soon as possible, and that these be as farsighted, generous, and wise as the Versailles terms were the opposite. There will be no "1917 Club" formed during this war, like the one created after the Russian Revolution to work for a liberal peace. No magazines will be established to campaign for an immediate peace, and I do not believe that anyone will imitate Mrs. Philip Snowden's addresses to five hundred peace meetings during the last war. The nearest approach to a protest that I have seen was the sentence "Mosley Wants Peace," chalked on a Thames bridge.

Yet though outward signs of it are lacking, it would be idle to deny that there is much unhappiness in the broken families. Undoubtedly many of the children evacuated from the poorer districts will gain a great deal by their enforced exile from the cities, but one cannot move a million people out of a city and suddenly quarter them upon a rural population, and not have some friction. To have total strangers injected into the home for an indefinite stay which may run to three years is not a pleasant experience for the average family, particularly if the evacués come from totally different social surroundings. I can best throw some light on this by quoting from a letter from a school teacher who has been quartered in an unspoiled village in Hertfordshire, one full of lovely old houses and cottages. The village has a population of 1,200 and has had to receive 500 refugees.

> The place swarms with children and teachers. We were most warmly received, but now that the newness has worn off, the children do not appear such angels, or the hosts and hostesses such saints. Nevertheless, compared with most places we have had very little difficulty. I cannot tell you how hateful it is to be a refugee and not to have a free choice of where to live. People complain about having to have us, but they are far luckier, if they only knew it, than we are, who have been snatched from our comfortable homes and friends. I wonder the children bear it so well. They have been very homesick at times, poor dears. We have not nearly enough school accommodation here, and no facilities at all for our special work. We only brought about one-third of our school, the other two-thirds being on holiday when it happened, and now we can't have the rest as they can't be billeted. I can't see how we can go on being kept here to superintend eighty children—there are thirteen of us!

This merely suggests what has happened to the educational work, and how the children will suffer if the war lasts years. Many of the big private schools have left London; so has the University of London, including the London School of Economics. Research work and scientific work of all kinds have had to stop. One is not allowed in the British Museum without a gas mask. Publishing is going on, but at a reduced rate, and some of the publishers have moved out of town. Indeed, there has been a considerable exodus of big business enterprises such as insurance companies.

Most people believe that there is no danger of air raids at present, but that they will come eventually if Hitler is hard pressed. Meanwhile the danger is that people will get careless. Thousands of gas masks have been abandoned or forgotten all over the city, and outside London, in the country districts, few people have them. The effort to make it a patriotic duty to carry one has broken down. At Maidenhead last Saturday I could hardly believe there was a war going on; only a few uniforms and masks were visible, and the stores were crowded with people making their Saturday-night purchases. I wish that Americans could take this catastrophe as coolly as the British, who with the French may be the chief sufferers. One explanation is that we are not under a non-stop radio barrage from all the capitals of Europe, and that not even in war time will the London dailies abandon their conservative headlines. Not the most sensational daily would imitate the New York *Times's* huge headlines of the early days of the war.

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VOLTAIRE COMBE

BY CONSTANCE ROURKE

THE queer name is not an invention. It belongs to an obscure artist born in Jordan on the Erie Canal, who may have been called Voltaire by way of comic disillusionment. A great depression was under way. The year of his birth was 1837.

Jordan had grown into a tough prosperity because of the canal: the doorways of its groceries and groggeries, taverns and bawdy houses opened upon slow waters that were often crowded with boats waiting to pass through the locks a mile to the west. A few grist mills and wood-working factories had been established; and lush springs pouring from a green hillside helped produce a whiskey that could be had for a nickel a glass, or, if a jug was carried up the hill, for ten cents a gallon. By no means in the genteel tradition, Jordan survived the depression and for many years presented a strong phase of the American scene. The canal was something of a frontier; the canawlers were warmly colored variants of the boatmen who had long commanded our waterways. Neighboring farmers came from strong Yankee stock; they looked it, spoke it. Newly arrived Irishmen, of the legion scattering over the country, made barrels and added their surplus of conviviality and song. Small circuses and troupes of players, who early found an audience among us, often tarried in Jordan, while even the more respectable inhabitants had their typical qualities: they tolerated ripe transgressions since these lowered taxes.

Never was a place less likely to produce art, if popular theories may be accepted. On our frontiers and indeed elsewhere throughout the long period of our early development we are supposed to have been too much occupied by the utilitarian business of living to concern ourselves with art, too much on the move to permit that residue of social experience to form from which the artist in one way or another must draw. If art appeared, the genteel tradition is said to have paralyzed it. A candid view of the rougher aspects of American life is supposed not to have emerged in painting until the "Eight" or the so-called "ashcan school" began to picture them about 1912. The American scene has been considered the discovery of the present generation.

The career of Voltaire Combe, unobtrusive though it was, upsets some of these conclusions. He began to draw as a small boy, but he was by no means regarded as an oddity. Limners freely plied their trade in and about Jordan during these years, painting portraits and occasional landscapes for fifteen or twenty dollars apiece. The young Voltaire may have known a nearby provincial sculptor who carved portraits in basswood and colored them to the life, sometimes portraying all the children of a family life size, with a formal realism. A tall polychromed peacock, finely stylized, came out of this region, which was certainly not made for use, not even for a circus merry-go-round, but was obviously carved for pleasure.

It was the limners who set Voltaire on his way; he knew them, always honored them, and from them perhaps gained the idea that the artist was mainly the artisan, the honest journeyman. In later years he insisted that anyone could learn to paint. But somewhere he gained another view, perhaps when as a boy of fourteen he went on foot to Syracuse and pulled the doorbell of a minor painter living there, "an ideal artist in appearance," who wore a velvet coat and had a studio with all the appurtenances. Before long he began to consider the artist as a singular being; at least he tended to regard himself in that light. He was small, with what one of the villagers called "a pouter-pigeon look." Like many of our earlier small-town characters he was something of an actor. He developed a pose and a vocabulary that were a long way from Jordan. As a boy he had seen Fanny Ellsler; he would apostrophize her dancing in silky sentences. Prowling around he managed to discover a good deal of American art and would discourse on "realms of poet artists breathing classic song" and on Cole's "Zenobian accents."

But it was one of the engaging aspects of Combe's character that he could take on a good deal of overlay without much alteration of a fundamental core. Still off on the romantic strain, he enlisted when the Civil War broke out, but in the cavalry, not the infantry, buying himself a mettlesome horse and a finely chased sword with a gold and ivory handle, and obviously expecting an officer's rank. He was made a bugler. At least he returned after three years with sketchbooks filled with pictures of himself in the thick of dramatic events. One of these, which he afterward developed in oil, showed him reading "Faust" by candlelight in an army tent, and was entitled "Before Ball's Bluff."

After Combe moved to New York, about 1870, he seems to have painted pictures occasionally for the growing swarm of lithographers; probably he did hand coloring for some of them, and he may have sold a picture

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now and again to others, yet how he made a living at any time remains something of a mystery. He managed to travel a good deal, wandering down into Maryland and Virginia. His increasingly courtly, persuasive manner was perhaps no handicap to him in finding the means to get about, or to stay where he wished to stay. By 1880 he was returning to Jordan for long summers.

Its roystering era had begun to dwindle even before the Civil War, when a new railroad brought in manufactured goods that drove the small local factories out of business and carried away most of the grain crops. Traffic on the canal grew sluggish. Derelicts from a better time now sat in grocery doorways or on barrels outside—"waiting," Combe said, "always waiting." Old canawlers were there, stranded farmers, an old circus performer, a dancing master, left high but not dry—not while Voltaire could buy them a tumbler of whiskey, which could still be had in back rooms for a nickel. When he first went back, "some adopted a mode of non-recognition," he said, "due to jealousy." He wore a Prince Albert and a derby; one of the citizens remarked that "when he walked down one side of the street the other side tipped." But he knew how to thaw them out: this was where his heart lay. They soon were calling him Captain Combe, then Cap; they went fishing with him at Cross Lake, camped, and saluted the dawn. Some of them fiddled or played the guitar. So did Voltaire. Others might slip into a jog or a clog. Cap Combe could foot it lightly, and they would all bawl out "Old Dan Tucker" or "Zip Coon," "Rosin the Beau" or "Lord Ullin's Daughter," or other old songs with many stanzas to which they could add lyrical lines of their own.

These people were what Combe called "distinct." Easing them into characteristic attitudes he sketched them again and again, later working up the sketches into full paintings. By the end of the eighties or early nineties he had portrayed most of these old wastrels, without condescension or sentimentality. In "Old Dan Tucker and His Recreant Son" a youth with a handsome, mobile countenance is seated on a rickety, shuck-bottomed chair with a fiddle under his arm, a hand on a bottle; this figure, who appears in a number of the pictures, may have represented Combe himself as a lad or perhaps was one of his younger friends. The youth is looking toward an old man in a shabby bright-blue coat, tall white hat, whitey-gray trousers—the Yankee costume of an earlier generation—who with a look of race and a shattered air is giving stubborn attention to one of the lighter pleasures.

In "The Old Dancing Master Shows How Fanny Ellsler Danced a Pas Deux" the scene is a loft, the color key low, the handling of darks and guttering lights bold yet untheatrical. A lad is fiddling; a sprawling figure, pictured without reserve, is wholly sunk. The tall old dancing master in a battered high hat, worn ballet shoes, with flying coat tails, his fiddle and bow still in one hand, is tripping it lightly with a look of great absorption. One knows that his life was dedicated to the arts, to nice distinctions, and to failure. The fourth figure, a Yankee farmer who was cast early in life for a deacon, stout, red-faced, with a fringe of white beard, his mouth set in a grim line, has let his fiddle drop to his knees and has turned to see the show: he finds it almost too wild a spectacle.

A severe critic might say that Combe failed to understand the medium of water color, gouache, or tempera which he almost consistently employed for these pictures and for the few portraits that belong with this group. He used a light medium like oil, with an effect of underpainting, with great care to build up solid bodies, a minute circumspection as to detail. He had a special aptitude for depicting old hands, old faces, the thin crinkled skin with an underlying flush, a weathered look. He dwelt upon the textures of frayed coats, worn boots, a bandanna, the polished wood of a fiddle: it was as if no lavish effort could be too much. The effect is sometimes labored, occasionally a little woolly; we may admit that there is something rustic about these paintings. But at least in "The Old Dancing Master" and perhaps in others Combe contrived a liberal arrangement out of difficult elements with great skill, and he consistently achieved what he set out to achieve: the portrayal of character. These people carry the irreducible element in their faces, their figures. They concentrate histories, with a sharp edge.

Later, when he no longer went back to Jordan, Combe began what he called a novel, whose characters were Dan Tucker and the rest, whose structure was of the simplest order: to create the effect of motion he simply moved his people away from Jordan and around the country where they foregathered in places he had particularly enjoyed, encountered people he had admired, some of them historical figures, among them Henry Clay and John Randolph of Roanoke. The time was hazy; the descriptions of the American countryside were long, loving, full. Paragraphs were devoted to the transparent brilliance of sassafras leaves in autumn, to the white rush of waters down sandy gulleys in the South, to a richly fruited summer. All the characters were seen under a golden ray. Scarcely a touch appears of the salty actuality which distinguishes the Jordan paintings. The style was idyllic, even touched at times by the airy elegance which Combe had picked up somewhere along the way; but the sentiment was genuine. He worked on the long allegory for years, writing and rewriting it, piling up a great stack of manuscript.

An inveterate collector, he managed to get together copies of the old readers, romances, song-books, geographies, and even magazines like *Brother Jonathan* which he had known as a boy. He also collected Surtees, Smollett, Dickens; many of his paintings of this later

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time were derived from literary sources. He pictured Bardolph, Pistol, and Dame Quickly as he conceived them; for years, he said, he sought for a Bardolphian nose, to create one from nature, and found it at last on a Jersey ferry, only to fail of his object because Bardolph's wife was wounded by the idea. Some of these pictures were highly florid: Undine floating downstream in blue tulle, or a diabolic vermilion-clad Mephistopheles peering over the shoulder of a buxom Marguerite.

None of them was strictly genteel, none of them sold, least of all those of the Jordan group. With impressionism to the fore, their painstaking method was as much against them as their subjects. Combe was confused and tormented by impressionism, bitter about the ascendancy of French art. He spoke darkly of a painting refused by the Academy because it would have killed everything within fifty feet of it. Toward the end, by a curious fate, he found himself in a Middlewestern town, with an occasional photograph to enlarge in crayon or copy in oil; but he read of the Armory show and wrote a long article on art which he felt was "needed." Through it ran a kind of hoarse pathos. "Is art retrograding in America? Yes, when compared with the art of seventy years ago, for then the nearest approach to nature was the artist's aim. What is art? Is it the capacity to depict undefined departures of eccentric pencils and technical exaggerations? The latest in art is not the highest. Pupils, learn to draw at home—not in Paris! Patronize American art, ye moneyed Americans!"

At the end the effect of pose was gone. Combe wore the hurt, exposed look that sometimes comes over the faces of old people; yet he seems to have entertained no overwhelming sense of grievance because his work was not accepted or understood. He died in 1916. Common folk who saw the Jordan pictures in these last years regarded them as suitable for barrooms; those with greater sophistication were sure that story-telling in art had gone forever. But Combe was not a story-teller, except as character may comprise a story. He may be related to the genre painters from Mount to Eastman Johnson, whose work he knew well, but he exceeded most of them in gusto. Their people tend to become figures in a picturesque scene. With Combe character is foreground in all senses. His ancestry lies rather among the limners whom he knew as a boy, though he abandoned their primitivism. He may even be linked with some of our more acknowledged early portrait painters, whose sense of character was often transcendent, though they seldom if ever chose subjects, as Combe did, from homely and unprosperous levels.

His Jordan group, as it happens, was painted some ten years or more before "McSorley's Bar," which has been considered as inaugurating an era of candor. "McSorley's Bar" is a far finer accomplishment than anything Combe produced, and Sloan—a member of the "Eight"—was able to put his conviction as to free subjects in motion. Combe seems to have had no influence at all; most of his works are now scattered or have disappeared. Yet the pattern of his life dispels certain ideas as to the pervasiveness of the genteel tradition. His career suggests that the impulse toward art may have had a wider spread in our nascent civilization than we have surmised. We have often pictured ourselves with eyes on the horizon, magnetized by the future, seldom looking backward: yet here and there we have had a wish for commemoration. Combe had it; fragmentary evidence of the same compulsion is coming to light from many out-of-the-way corners in paintings, often by untutored individuals who set down what they saw and felt about scenes or people whom they knew well. Perhaps the history of American art or its major directions cannot be understood until these minor, even personal works are taken into account. They have arisen in all periods, and they may have something to say as to the American character.

In a formal history of American art Voltaire Combe might achieve only a mention or a footnote, if as much. In a broadly compassed social study he and others like him would have an essential place; and surely he deserves a niche for the odd way in which his own character was compounded. Combe really admired gentility. He chose his subjects, it would seem, almost in spite of himself. For one who was convival it could not have been altogether easy to work without the urgency of others headed in the same direction.

BOOKS

Force as Criticism

FORCES IN AMERICAN CRITICISM. A STUDY IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERARY THOUGHT. By Bernard Smith. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

AMERICAN criticism, as everyone must now be aware, is the history of much more than our literary or critical intelligence. It is often the history of everything but such intelligence. It has been called the record of a nation's education. It is equally the record of American nationalism in its emergence, reaction, and mortification; of native creeds and sects; of every local variety of moral, ethical, and political doctrine; of social and economic necessities; of the tastes and teachings that have swayed American life; of the complex of influences that conditioned and confused the country's determination of its destiny and so possessed, against whatever purer claims of art, every author who ever made writing or criticism his serious career in the United States. A critical craft and tradition of the French type have been as invisible here as in England, but every ambitious American writer has been in some degree a critic. Here, emphatically, the rule has held that criticism is the art everyone practices. The sad condition appears in the fact that almost no one has practiced it well; that its aims and rules, its requirements as an art and

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its responsibilities as a science, have been bent to every conceivable whim, coercion, and ulterior motive to which literary thought is susceptible.

Mr. Smith admits this opinion of our cultural struggle; it motivates almost every page of his book; but it has neither discouraged his interest nor deterred his argument. Early in his research he discovered that American criticism is "the missing link" between our social and creative life; that it is "more clearly related to social history than are poetry and fiction." "Once we have established the connections that have existed between these two histories," he says, "we may find it possible to establish the connections between literature and society." Accordingly he offers his study as an outline of the large-scale work that must some day be done in this field. It is a vigorous and dramatic piece of blocking and sketching. It readily merits comparison with Parrington's "Main Currents," both in scope and readability, and was obviously suggested by that book. It is the first study to show fully the critical influence of provincial and puritan traditions, the special cast of romanticism in American thought, the sources of realism, the pressure of the academic and drawing-room cults that flattered middle-class taste in the post-Civil War era ("gentility" and "the genteel" are with puritanism the recurring bugbears of Mr. Smith's story, the sponsors of the twin evils of dogmatism and aestheticism which he ferrets out of every possible hole); it shows lastly the confusing tumult of causes—aesthetic, bohemian, iconoclastic, revolutionary—that has distracted the present century. Into Mr. Smith's scheme of literary anthropology every kind of evidence fits, including much (the critical and aesthetic innocence of the colonial fathers, of the *North American Review* staff, of Stedman's circle, of pre-war universities and post-war debunkers) that has little discernible bearing on the art of either literature or criticism. Mr. Smith's title is accurate. He recounts the *forces* in American literary thought. To that title may be fitly ascribed all the factors of caution, inhibition, and reaction, of servility to foreign standards, of liberalism, insurgence, and propaganda that may nullify the aims of criticism—and the value of "force" as a term—but which were unmistakably the motives by which literary arbiters and journalists legislated on American ambitions in art during the fevers and ordeals of our cultural apprenticeship.

Mr. Smith is patient and persistent among these confusions, but he finds little satisfaction in the labors of American critics. He gives most of them short shrift. They fall in dismal succession, dumbly and limply, beneath his reproofs. They show a painful logic of incompetence. They are by turns too dogmatic and too impressionistic; too academic, too bohemian; chauvinistically American, fawningly European; genteel, violent; romantic, literal; tyrants of rule and doctrine, victims of escape and reverie; complacent, prophetic; hedonistic, didactic; too happy, too gloomy; too rabid, too dull. It is not to be suggested that Mr. Smith is flippant or haphazard in these estimates. His reading has been voluminous, his assortment of details painstaking, his summaries balanced, and his attitude serious. But he enters the arena with a force of his own. He believes in "the use of scientific methods in so far as they are applicable to literary history"; he is "antagonistic to mysticism"; he is "biased in favor of the broadest possible democracy." He concludes with a salute to "those who believe in scientific methods, in realism, in social equality and democracy"; who "are hopeful and are fighting."

He too has, in fact, his special bias and prejudice. So must any writer who wants to make himself readable and responsible for a point of view. But Mr. Smith has allowed these prejudices to push his sympathy and partisanship to the point where he finds it almost impossible to discern critical value where force is absent; where a critic's labor has been motivated by the traditional and aristocratic, the moral and metaphysical, or the romantic and aesthetic; where detachment, analysis, and, let us say, scientific latitude show some signs of putting in an appearance; where the ideal of judgment, however humanly chimerical, has found some hope of emerging. The phrase "the quest of beauty" he uses with the invisible but unmistakable inverted commas of ironic contempt. His chapter of that name, which discusses Poe, James, and Henry Adams, sets those men down as philosophically amateurish, morally evasive, psychologically timid—where not actually deranged or perverse—and finally irresponsible and "precious." The discussion of James resorts to a kind of simplification and bed-breaking of James's arguments—a deflation of the *whole* effect of his sensibility, moral passion, and human insight—that amounts to both misrepresentation and scolding twaddle.

Lowell, Bryant, and Longfellow are easily laid low; the Transcendentalists fall with the Humanists; Huneker and Mencken are allowed a half-indulgent contempt; Brooks and Eliot are regarded as misspent talents and sinister portents; but even the greater claims of Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and Howells survive more for pioneer and prophetic value than for critical soundness or integrity. In his last chapters we find Mr. Smith dismissing Tate, Blackmur, Ransom, and Winters in short sentences, while he gives paragraphs to Waldo Frank, Lewisohn, and Calverton; the *Dial* and the *Hound and Horn* are curtly disparaged; and while five pages are given to Floyd Dell and four to Joseph Freeman and Mike Gold, the work of Edmund Wilson, apart from incidental mention, is reduced to a footnote. And when we see Mr. Smith's scientific-realistic-democratic bias approaching a climax in the Marxist hope, when he marshals his arguments toward a Hegelian flourish by calling ours a "period of clarification" and salutes the "fighters," we become fully aware that he also has been victimized by a crudity of sympathy that keeps him in petty fear of admitting "beauty," whatever abuses its name has encouraged, as the proper concern of any serious artist; of sensibility as a critical instrument of infinitely greater importance to criticism than popular or political passions; of authority in insight as something that insures the integrity of criticism—within whatever framework of aesthetic beliefs, mystical experience, aristocratic symbols, or traditional forms of experience—beyond any amount of "force."

Is force really a primary factor in criticism? When one observes its results in the world at large, its effect on critics of the past, and its influence in motivating Mr. Smith's book, one begins to doubt it. It has given dramatic color to American criticism, but it has made this copious and challenging book more an incentive to writing that "definitive work in the field" which Mr. Smith says remains to be done than the book of responsible history and judgment it had a chance of

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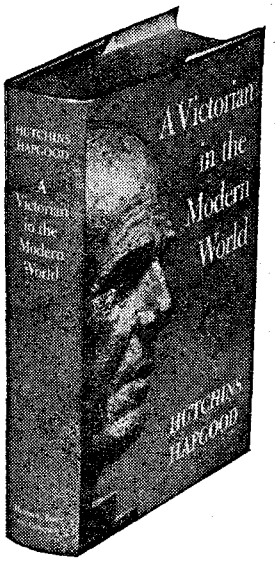

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being. The moment was never riper for the serious business of criticism, for redefining the literary values that lie permanently and incorruptibly beneath the forces of the hour. Those values are intricately bound up with social and humanitarian needs, but they are not explained or realized by them. Mr. Smith's long list of case-histories of critical default are mostly the result of confusing those values with those needs. He has faithfully recorded them. But the task of rescuing the purpose and integrity of criticism from its confusions and mistaken aims remains to be done.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Russia Lives On

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN MONARCHY. By Bernard Pares. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

STALIN: THE DEFINITIVE BIOGRAPHY. By Boris Souvarine. Alliance Book Corporation. $4.50.

NOT more than eleven years separated the birth of the last Russian Czar, Nicholas II, and that of his present successor in the Kremlin. Stalin will be sixty this year; Nicholas II would have celebrated his seventy-first birthday. At the time of the birth of Nicholas II a prediction that within his potential life-span the son of an obscure Georgian peasant shoemaker would hold sway over all Russia would have seemed entirely fantastic. But fantastic things have happened in Russia in the last thirty years, not only during and since the revolution but in the last years of the monarchy as well. Historic storms of unprecedented violence have broken over Russia, have remolded the face of the country and the life of the people; a new generation has grown up for whom the ways of the recent past are legendary; nevertheless, very many and decisive traits of czarist Russia live on in the new Russia in the same way as very many and decisive traits of the Prussia of Bismarck and Wilhelm live on in Hitler's "Great Germany." Great differences of course are apparent, some for the better, some for the worse, but the resemblances, too, are undeniable.

Neither of these books should be missed by anyone interested in Russia or in modern history, or simply attracted by that wealth of enigmatic and fantastic personalities, human relations, and strange and dramatic events of which history sometimes offers more than fiction. Both books are biographies set against the broad background of the history of the time. As history they have the defect of biographies, overemphasizing the personal and "heroic" element. And they have a serious shortcoming in common: they see this revolution primarily from above, from the point of view of the autocrat and his court, and lose sight of the social forces "deep below."

Professor Pares, an Englishman who has devoted more than thirty years of research and investigation to Russian history, tells the story of the last Russian Czar, especially of the years after 1910, which prepared and witnessed the fall of the Russian monarchy. M. Souvarine, a former member of the French Communist Party and of the Executive of the Communist International, has written a biography of Stalin necessarily interwoven with a detailed account of the Communist Revolution for the more than twenty years of its course; so that in a way he takes up the thread of history where Professor Pares drops it. Nicholas II was a very different personality from Stalin, but like Stalin he appeared enigmatic to his contemporaries. The enigma of Nicholas II has since been solved, and Professor Pares attempts most successfully to give us a thorough analysis of his hero, whose outstanding trait was that he was not the hero of the story of which he was supposed to be the chief figure, the hero and the villain in this kind of story being sometimes indistinguishable. Stalin is certainly the hero or villain of the story —he is undoubtedly the more powerful personality—but as we do not yet possess his diaries or intimate letters, he is infinitely more of an enigma than was Nicholas. In comparison with Hitler and Mussolini, Stalin is mute. Hitler's voice and style reveal him completely. For Stalin's personality we have no similar intimate guide. A book about him is therefore most welcome.

Of the two books, that by Professor Pares has the great advantage of being written about men and periods for which the sources are more abundant probably than for any other period in history. And the author has carefully scrutinized all the sources. His book is well documented with references and written with great restraint and charity, without ever becoming for one moment uninteresting or deficient in incisiveness of judgment and appraisal. M. Souvarine's book on Stalin lacks these scholarly qualities. It does not bear out the claim that it is "the most serious and well-documented history of Bolshevism that has yet appeared." It certainly cannot be called well-documented; and still less is it a complete history of Bolshevism. But it is certainly an exciting book about an exciting and obscure subject—the struggle for Lenin's heritage, the changing relations between the leading actors—and the first two-thirds of the story are told with such detail and skill that in spite of a certain monotony they hold the attention of the reader firmly. M. Souvarine apparently knows the Russia of the revolution very well, and his apt parallels with previous Russian history and the French Revolution are enlightening. He hates Stalin and he hates dictatorship, and there is much truth in his contention that, failing the unanimous effort of a Soviet democracy, "the specific characteristics of the former Russia would reappear sooner or later under new forms, for they were inevitable in any autocratic system established in the same barbarous environment." The author never stresses the positive virtues of the Bolshevik regime, so different from the czarist empire—for instance, the equality of all races. And his statement that Stalin is hated by all people in Russia has to be corrected by his own admission of the existence of a "young loyalist generation." "The youth alone," he writes, "which knows nothing of the recent past or of life in foreign countries, accepts with elation" Stalin's leadership; after all, this group includes probably tens of millions and is a decisive factor. But his book will undoubtedly be read as an important contribution to our knowledge of Soviet Russia.

With all the moderation of its style and the impartiality and objectivity of its attitude, Professor Pares's book presents a picture of the *ancien régime* in Russia no less devastating than the dark picture which M. Souvarine presents of the new regime. The portrait of the Czar is drawn with great love, but the story itself in no way bears out the charity of the author's judgment. In the critical years of its existence

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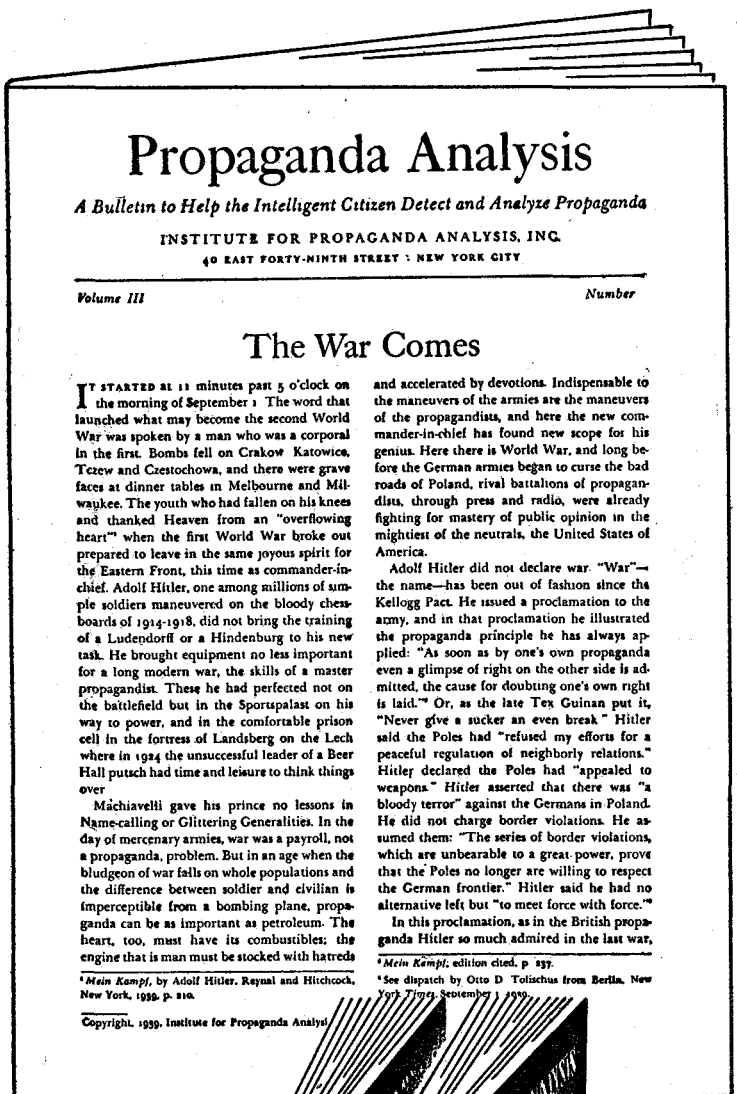

Propaganda Analysis

A Bulletin to Help the Intelligent Citizen Detect and Analyze Propaganda

INSTITUTE FOR PROPAGANDA ANALYSIS, INC.
40 EAST FORTY-NINTH STREET : NEW YORK CITY

Volume III *Number*

The War Comes

IT STARTED AT 11 minutes past 5 o'clock on the morning of September 1. The word that launched what may become the second World War was spoken by a man who was a corporal in the first. Bombs fell on Crakow, Katowice, Tczew and Czestochowa, and there were grave faces at dinner tables in Melbourne and Milwaukee. The youth who had fallen on his knees and thanked Heaven from an "overflowing heart"[1] when the first World War broke out prepared to leave in the same joyous spirit for the Eastern Front, this time as commander-in-chief. Adolf Hitler, one among millions of simple soldiers maneuvered on the bloody chessboards of 1914-1918, did not bring the training of a Ludendorff or a Hindenburg to his new task. He brought equipment no less important for a long modern war, the skills of a master propagandist. These he had perfected not on the battlefield but in the Sportspalast on his way to power, and in the comfortable prison cell in the fortress of Landsberg on the Lech where in 1924 the unsuccessful leader of a Beer Hall putsch had time and leisure to think things over.

Machiavelli gave his prince no lessons in Name-calling or Glittering Generalities. In the day of mercenary armies, war was a payroll, not a propaganda, problem. But in an age when the bludgeon of war falls on whole populations and the difference between soldier and civilian is imperceptible from a bombing plane, propaganda can be as important as petroleum. The heart, too, must have its combustibles; the engine that is man must be stocked with hatreds and accelerated by devotions. Indispensable to the maneuvers of the armies are the maneuvers of the propagandists, and here the new commander-in-chief has found new scope for his genius. Here there is World War, and long before the German armies began to curse the bad roads of Poland, rival battalions of propagandists, through press and radio, were already fighting for mastery of public opinion in the mightiest of the neutrals, the United States of America.

Adolf Hitler did not declare war. "War"—the name—has been out of fashion since the Kellogg Pact. He issued a proclamation to the army, and in that proclamation he illustrated the propaganda principle he has always applied: "As soon as by one's own propaganda even a glimpse of right on the other side is admitted, the cause for doubting one's own right is laid."[2] Or, as the late Tex Guinan put it, "Never give a sucker an even break." Hitler said the Poles had "refused my efforts for a peaceful regulation of neighborly relations." Hitler declared the Poles had "appealed to weapons." Hitler asserted that there was "a bloody terror" against the Germans in Poland. He did not charge border violations. He assumed them: "The series of border violations, which are unbearable to a great power, prove that the Poles no longer are willing to respect the German frontier." Hitler said he had no alternative left but "to meet force with force."[3]

In this proclamation, as in the British propaganda Hitler so much admired in the last war,

[1] *Mein Kampf*, by Adolf Hitler. Reynal and Hitchcock, New York, 1939. p. 210.

[2] *Mein Kampf*, edition cited. p. 237.

[3] See dispatch by Otto D. Tolischus from Berlin. New York *Times*, September 1, 1939.

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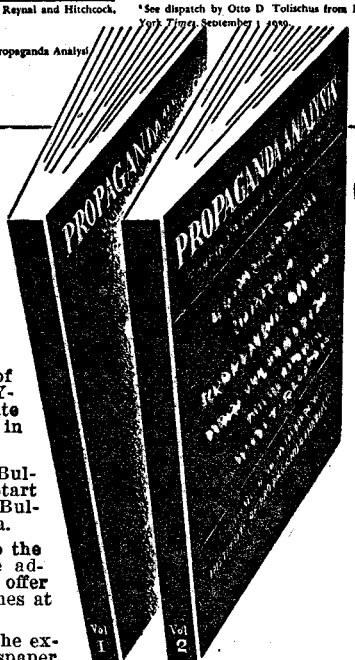

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Russia was an autocracy without an autocrat. The vast empire was governed by the Empress and Rasputin ("She must take the responsibility before history of having broken down the government of Russia"); and the deep love between the Emperor and the Empress, who at the end were isolated from all their people, including the rest of their own family, was, under the peculiar circumstances of the Russian autocracy and in connection with the weakness of the Emperor, the immediate reason for the fall of the monarchy. On December 27, 1916, the Empress wrote to her husband: "Be the Emperor, be Peter the Great, John the Terrible, the Emperor Paul—crush them all under you." These "all" were the moderate and conservative patriotic leaders of Russian public opinion. But Nicholas was no Peter the Great or John the Terrible. Nature had fitted Nicholas for the role "of the good loser, the willing accepter of defeat." Through his shortcomings and through the inevitable curse of autocracy, he lost not only himself but Russia. The autocracy without an autocrat vanished. May we optimistically say that there is today in the Kremlin an autocrat without an autocracy?

Professor Pares concludes by saying that the whole story strikes the reader as something which "happened far back in the Middle Ages, when it was still thought possible to regard a sixth of the world as a personal estate and to govern 170,000,000 of humanity from a lady's drawing-room. Then he would say to himself that all this was gone, far, far away, never to come back again." That is certainly true. Old Russia is gone. But just as certainly many of its essential traits live on. M. Souvarine believes that Peter the Great and John the Terrible live on in that enigmatic figure in the Kremlin who now holds the world's attention.

HANS KOHN

Democracy Is Hard

OF HUMAN FREEDOM. By Jacques Barzun. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

> Democracy, to maintain itself, must repeatedly conquer every cell and corner of the nation. How many of our public institutions and private businesses, our schools, hospitals, and domestic hearths are in reality little fascist states where freedom of speech is more rigorously excluded than vermin?
>
> We undervalue the comforts of conscience and the power of ideas, while grossly overvaluing our brute strength.
>
> If we do not think that science is an exact, unchangeable, guaranteed facsimile of the outer world, then we are empirical pragmatists and believers in human freedom.
>
> Oligarchies violently set up with an altruistic purpose never get the chance to govern well owing to the necessity of governing *now*.
>
> Democratic conduct is primarily cultural and only indirectly political.
>
> In a democracy the great problem is less to educate everyone beyond his intelligence than to make the intelligent feel socially responsible. To think and act socially is not a form of charity to one's neighbors. It is a form of self-preservation.

I HOPE that these extracts are enough to convey an idea of the grace and common sense of this book. Mr. Barzun has all the reasonableness, at once gay and tough, the *honnêteté*, which we have learned to associate with the French tradition. He is well informed; he is interested in everything—art, education, psychology; he never says anything silly. Is it then only the weather that, in the face of so much sweetness and light, still makes me feel a hungry sheep who has not been fed? Why do I keep thinking appreciatively of Baudelaire's hatred for Voltaire?

The truth is that Mr. Barzun makes democracy sound respectable and easy; a little more intelligence and good-will all around, a little less laziness, and we shall be all right. I am sure that Mr. Barzun personally knows as well as I do that faith in democracy is an enthusiastic, disreputable, and ascetic faith. Its *ton,* as Madame du Deffand would say, is *affreux.*

I do not think that democracy can be sustained or defended unless one believes that pride, lying, and violence are mortal sins, and that their commission entails one's damnation.

Mr. Barzun goes to the heart of the matter when he says that science and democracy are at one in their approach to life, but pragmatism is a dangerous word. Because it is practiced out of sight in laboratories and is concerned with non-human material, the general public has little notion of the severity of the scientific discipline. While rejecting all absolute beliefs, it has a faith as absolute as ever Catholicism was, which may be summarized thus:

1. There are regularities or laws in the universe which it is fatal to disobey.
2. We can obtain knowledge of these laws. Our knowledge can never be perfectly objective and dogmatic as nineteenth-century mechanist-materialism imagined, because the human mind is not outside the universe. On the other hand it is not purely subjective since the human mind is part of the universe and its structure subject to the same laws. We cannot make knowledge anything we choose. It is really knowledge *about.*
3. Since it is real knowledge, our knowledge can improve. Progress is possible and inevitable.
4. Truth cannot contradict itself but is one and indivisible.
5. There is one way to true knowledge and only one, a praxis which, if defined in terms of human relations, we should call love. For what is the scientific attitude but that of the love which does not reject the humblest fact, resists not evil (recalcitrant evidence) nor judges, but is patient, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things? And what is its opposite but the way of dogmatic belief backed by force? Skepticism, then, in belief. Absolute faith in the way and in the existence of truth.

If the way is hard to practice in the scientific field, how immensely more difficult is it to do so in the cultural and political. Democracy asserts that the private and public life are one, and at the same time that the individual has free-will. What most people think of as democracy is really social atomism and Mandevillism, for they imagine that private vices will not damage the general life but somehow cancel each other out. This mistake ends inevitably in the absolute nihilism disguised as Hegelianism so well described recently by Dr. Rauschning in his book on National Socialism.

Frankly, democracy will only work if as individuals we lead good lives, and we shall only do that if we have faith that it is possible and at the same time an acute awareness of how weak and corrupt we are. A liberal Buchmanite opti-

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mism will always fail and react into the extreme pessimism of Pascal or Kafka, which denies the possibility of right action.

To free our lives from fear and greed is not easy; we must find a technique (there are several partial ones already); it will take all our patience and courage; but we have no choice.

Mr. Barzun recommends William James as a help in our trouble. May I add William Blake?

W. H. AUDEN

Thoreau for Our Time

THOREAU. By Henry Seidel Canby. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75.

ON AN early page of this admirable book Mr. Canby says that "there are a half-dozen possible biographies of Thoreau." One can think of as many more, but six differing and contrasting accounts of one man are enough for one volume. In the present volume, packed to bursting, Mr. Canby has written at least that number. Here is the practical Yankee, the "Yankee Pan," the creative artist working bravely in a bourgeois time and place, the intuitive thinker vainly struggling toward intellectual method, one-half of a scientist rather distrustfully inhabiting the same skin with one-half of a Transcendentalist, a rebel against church and state, an arch rebel against King Business Man, and one of the two "most truly professional of great American writers." Here is Thoreau the lover, faithfully drawn for the first time. Here is the baffled and bewildered Thoreau, caught as we all are between heaven and earth, entangled in that infinite counterpoint. Spirit speaks to him, and then our clay, until the one voice is lost in the other. Most, indeed, of that acrimonious society of clashing minds and moods which we call Henry David Thoreau is to be found in these populous pages. And if Thoreau the mystic is absent, if we do not find the ecstatic dreamer, the stormer of heaven's gate, the soaker of sunshine emptily idling on the door-sill of his Walden hut or in his home-made boat off Ball's Bluff staring at turtles, then this may be only in order that some other devotee of a grand American theme may be left in our time a little chance.

These many diverse and perverse Thoreaus are here for the first time put together, united, composed, into one unmistakable and authentic person. Mr. Canby has shown that the career he deals with, hitherto seeming no more to many of us than "a confusion of trails in the forest," had a clearly defined pattern, a persistent trend. Out of the shadows of print and the wraiths of inveterate misinterpretation he has drawn forth a substantial man, three-dimensioned, believable, and has placed him in the front rank of American prose-masters. It is a work of re-creation triumphantly done—and done, too, in the nick of time, considering how we shall need just the shining example of Thoreau in the crisis now upon us. Undoubtedly we shall be thinking, talking, writing always more about him in the months and years coming on. His influence is bound to grow as the tyrannical materialism against which he strove becomes more violently insane. Yet another full-scope study of Thoreau will not soon be needed.

A main excellence of this book lies in the almost complete sympathy between the author and his subject. Mr. Canby does not look *at* Thoreau but *into* him. He is at home in the scenery of the man's mind. He tracks him from thought to thought, from mood to mood, like one finding his way through dark woods by the feel of a familiar path.

Like most Thoreauvians, all of whom belong to the left wing of a minority, Mr. Canby writes as an enthusiastic advocate. In a style for the most part plain and sober even to colloquial informality he has not been able to avoid superlatives that sometimes remind one of the Concord chanticleer himself. Thoreau, he says, had a mind of "infinite suggestiveness." No other man alive, he thinks, could have seen so much as he did in the course of a three hours' walk. His was "the most manly, most common-sense voice" in the America of his time, and he was "the greatest critic of values among modern writers of English." In control over metaphor, we are told, Thoreau "excels all moderns."

Along with these somewhat bold assertions a reviewer ought, perhaps, to set down a few of the more obvious defects in Thoreau's character, mind, and style of which Mr. Canby takes little account. Probably Thoreau himself would wish to have them set down, for it was he who said, "I cannot do without my vices. They are the highways of my virtues." And so, for example, one may point out that Mr. Canby does not give a silencing answer to those who still feel that Thoreau stood rather on the sidelines than in the line of scrimmage, and that his occasional self-complacency and scolding are on that account all the more unwarranted. They think that he did not allow enough for the normal difficulties of human nature because those difficulties were simply not encountered in his sheltered, set-aside, bachelor life.

Not everything about such a various man, however, can be put between two covers, and it is possible that Mr. Canby has wished to gloss over a few of Thoreau's defects in order that his book may have a stronger influence upon those who need it most. The familiar things are here said freshly, together with not a few that are said for the first time. The book has news to tell about Thoreau's relations with women, about his deficiencies as an observer of nature, about the importance and the failure of his work as a lecturer, about the influence upon him of his home and his mother's boarding-house, about his long struggle in learning to write, and about the precise nature of his relations with Emerson.

Chief among these novelties is Mr. Canby's attack upon the problem: What was Thoreau's main task in life? He worked, we are told, "on that still unorganized frontier where the interpretive spirit transforms science into literature." He sought the innermost secret of nature, which he felt to be a spiritual secret. He was "a reporter of physical and spiritual reality," and a seeker of the hidden ways in which these apparently sundered realms of being coalesce. Nature, to him, was a system of symbols. It was a veil which he strove to see through. In all this he was merely another Transcendentalist, but he differed from his fellows in that he felt the need of ascertaining as many facts as possible about nature before beginning his interpretation. Therefore he postponed his metaphysical problem, for which he had little aptitude, and went about that gathering of materials which has deceived so many into the belief that he was really a naturalist. Here too—partly because he had no adequate training, example, or guidance, but partly also because his

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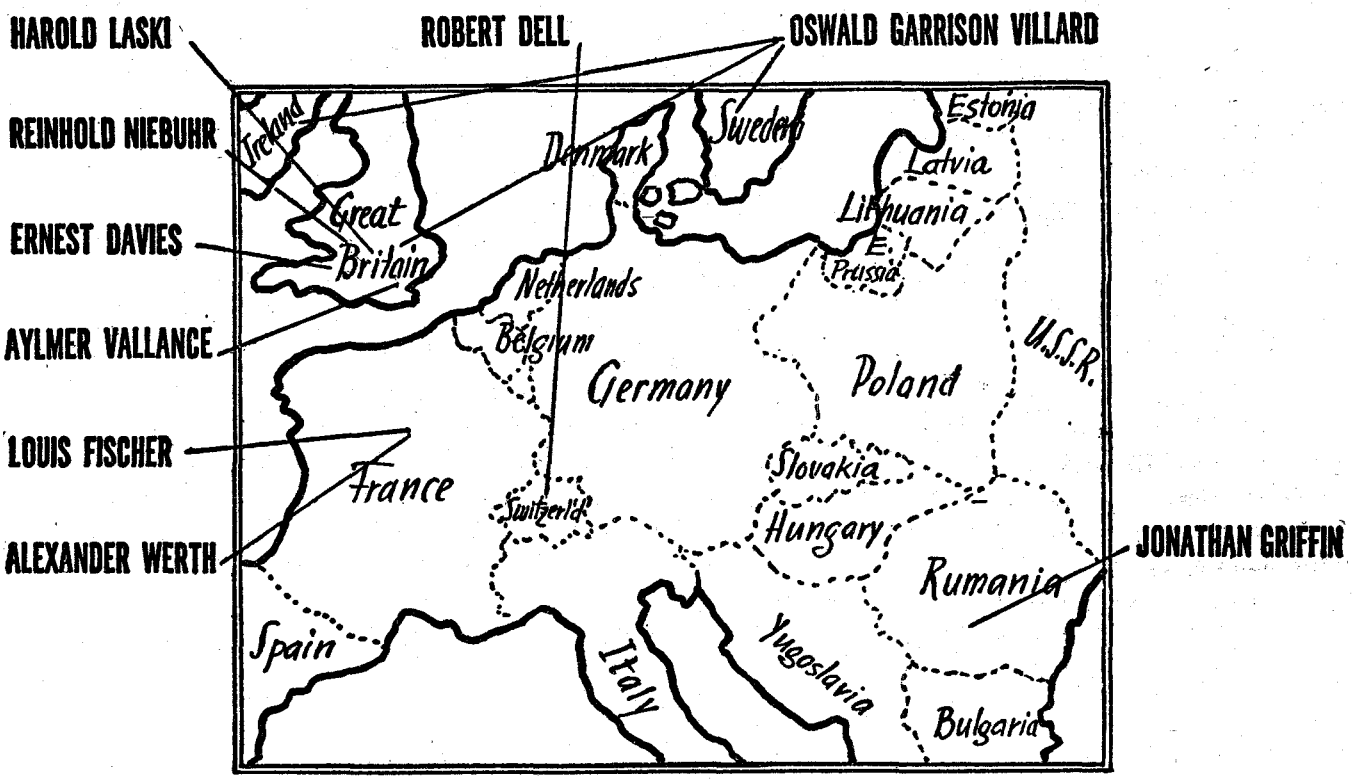

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whole heart was not in the work—he failed. Dying at forty-five, he left his life-work in such fragmentary disarray that only now, after almost eighty years, has it been clearly pointed out what he was trying to do.

And yet it is not with any thought of failure that one lays down this first really adequate biography of Henry Thoreau. The man, one is made to see, succeeded gloriously. Upon the whole he was happy, sociable, and warm-hearted. He had great friends. Even in the opinion of his gossiping bourgeois townsfolk he won some respect toward the last. If he had the pains, disappointments, and poverty, he had also the sufficient rewards of a creative thinker. No man, as his friend Channing said, has ever lived "a better unfinished life." As Mr. Canby says, "he did what he wanted." And surely he lived out to the full the determination so quietly asserted in one of his letters to his mother: "I'll be I."

ODELL SHEPARD

Moley, Moley, Moley

AFTER SEVEN YEARS. By Raymond Moley. Harper and Brothers. $3.

IF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has read this book, he has reason to regret that he ever invented Raymond Moley. The author was an obscure professor at Barnard College when the Roosevelt campaign suddenly made him a national figure. The President is wholly responsible for the "brain trust" and for Moley, its number one director. And after all the behind-the-hand whispering done in Washington while the Moley pieces were appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, the essential truth of the book remains. No one has challenged any important statement. The facts are as related. The most damning disclosure, so far as the President is concerned, is the undenied truth that he permitted Moley to influence him.

Some of the reviews of this book which already have appeared take Moley to task for peddling the confidences of a White House intimate before the White House has changed hands. I am willing to pass over the question of propriety. Of course, Moley has kissed once and told twice. But there is no attempt at deception about that. The book is devoid of subtlety or innuendo. It is wholly, devastatingly frank.

Moley, according to his own lights, was the New Deal in its formative stages. I don't believe that he found it necessary to fabricate a single incident to arrive at his conclusion. In his own eyes not only was Moley the New Deal but Roosevelt was his creation. When the robot started talking back to its creator, Moley quite naturally felt put out. His grievance is set forth in this book, which to a degree almost unprecedented is the confession of a frustrated egocentric.

If one could forget the author for a moment, a possibility the author rules out, one could find a vast store of information in Moley's book. He explains away many an obscure reason for the New Deal's behavior. His recital of incidents and his explanations are invaluable. He makes the London Economic Conference intelligible for the first time. Similarly, he explains the bank closings, the NRA, and all the early ventures of the New Deal. In fact, the volume is a gold mine of information and of revelatory inside gossip.

It is almost impossible to believe that the man who wrote this book was once an intimate of President Roosevelt—yet it is so. The New Deal as conceived by Moley and, apparently, by President-elect Roosevelt was a system under which the rich were to get richer and the poor were to get more crumbs. The President obviously has grown since then. But not Moley. His political philosophy is Hoover's. Roosevelt let him down when the President became something more than a bigger and better Hoover. The men Moley praises tell much about him—Senator Edward Burke of Nebraska, Bernard Baruch and Hugh Johnson, Marvin McIntyre and Vincent Astor, Senator James Byrnes and Senator Key Pittman. Obviously, it never has occurred to Moley that there is something essentially wrong with capitalism. The trouble has been that capitalism no longer makes the rich rich enough to fatten the poor on its garbage.

Like the mildest hued of the pinks, Moley shrinks from the conception that there is a conflict of interest among the classes. Indeed, his bitter attack on Tom Corcoran and Ben Cohen arises from his conviction that it is unpatriotic to recognize that America is not one big happy family, that business may actually exploit the little fellow.

Moley's philosophy is frankly stated, and it is immature. Imagine, for example, a man of his pretensions explaining the 1937 recession in terms of lack of business confidence. Yet this is what he does. There is no hint that he sees any connection between the sudden cessation of government spending and the business crash.

Conceding that Moley is an excellent phrasemaker and that he probably is an accomplished teacher in the field of criminology, admitting that he has written an important and enormously interesting book, one may still be glad that he has nothing to do with the latter-day New Deal.

KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Caroline of England

CAROLINE OF ANSBACH. By R. L. Arkell. Oxford University Press. $4.25.

THE wife of George II is the only queen of England between Anne and Victoria whose claim to notice is better than a comic or a scandalous one. Indeed, though Anne exerted more power than Caroline, and Victoria more influence, we must go all the way back to Elizabeth for a queen who possessed more brains. If the world has pretty well forgotten Caroline, it is because she was not a picturesque figure and failed to create a glamorous court. Yet no history book will ever quite ignore her, for it was Caroline rather than her husband who occupied the throne; and because she did, it was Robert Walpole rather than some nincompoop who ruled the country.

Caroline's private history was for the most part a minor martyrdom at the hands of three generations of ill-tempered Guelfs. Her father-in-law, George I, was a bullying boor, her husband a querulous braggart, and her son, Frederick Prince of Wales, a mischievous weakling. Naturally they could not get along with one another. George II spent the first part of his life hating his father, and the second part hating his son. Whoever of the three was King kicked who-

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ever was Prince of Wales out of court; and whoever was Prince of Wales did everything he could to embarrass whoever was King. Caroline spent most of her life in the company of these charmers, suffered incessantly at their hands, and managed to keep on good terms with two of them. Even she could not endure the third: she cursed the day her son was born and wished he would drop dead of apoplexy.

Her relations with her husband provide an absorbing tragi-comedy. As a king, George II, for all his royal and martial airs, was easy enough to manage; Caroline and Walpole merely let him bellow and blow to his heart's content, then quietly did what they pleased. But as a husband, the irascible, petulant George was something entirely different. He never ceased to esteem Caroline, and remarked at her death that no other woman had been worthy of buckling her shoe. During her lifetime, however, he proceeded to browbeat and unnerve her at every opportunity, to lose his temper when she kept him waiting, to grumble if she took ill, to taunt her for being too feminine, to sneer at her for being too wise, to inflict on her the duties of a nursemaid, and to harangue her in the capacity of a whipping boy. Nor was the end yet, since his esteem for her went farther—he confided to her all the details of his love affairs. She endured all this heroically: for one thing, because she presumably loved him; for another, because she knew that at bottom he loved her; finally, because in everything that mattered she had power over him. Nothing reveals their relationship so well as that famous scene at Caroline's deathbed when the King, after pooh-poohing the fatal illness that the Queen had tried to conceal, at last was faced with the truth. When he broke down and wept, Caroline urged him to remarry. "No," George stammered, sobbing at every word, "no, I will have mistresses." "Mon Dieu," the Queen replied, "*that* needn't prevent you from marrying!"

What stands out in Caroline is her worldliness—tarnished though it was by cynicism—her acceptance of reality, her unfailing good sense. Had she been frail and flowerlike, she would have died of a broken heart. But the woman who could stand up to her father-in-law and talk filth by the hour with Walpole had a mind and will of her own; and England benefited from them both. The present biography, to be sure, does nothing to prove that she had either. Mrs. Arkell, though she must have realized Caroline's value to want to write about her, has written about her as though she were another royal nonentity. All the tiresome facts and trivial details of Caroline's personal life are here, but she is not. Even a vivid *picture* of the King and Queen and their court is lacking: to grasp how tame and dull is Mrs. Arkell's brushwork, we need only turn back to the great picture painted two hundred years ago by the waspish Hervey in his Memoirs. Nor are we offered any real study of the cultural and social life of the times: the Popes and Bolingbrokes, the Lady Marys and Sarah Marlboroughs are just so many names tossed now and again into the narrative.

Since Mrs. Arkell has failed to reanimate Caroline as a person and to revivify the social background of her age, one cannot be surprised that she has virtually left untouched the political movements of the period. Yet the years which witnessed the triumph of parliamentary government in England, the domination of Walpole as prime minister, and the rise

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of the great Whig clique to unbounded power mark one of the notable turning-points in British history. Certainly any biography of Caroline should define the position of her father-in-law and husband as monarchs, should show how, by never adopting the "divine right" attitude of the Stuarts, they stand out as the very pattern of constitutional rulers. And how Mrs. Arkell can have referred so often to Walpole without making plain what he did or stood for is a problem I leave for others to solve. LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Professor Versus Poet

D. H. LAWRENCE AND SUSAN HIS COW. By William York Tindall. Columbia University Press. $2.75.

THE D. H. Lawrence cult was bound, sooner or later, to bring retaliation from an opposite camp. Such retaliation now comes from an academic source—Dr. Tindall is an assistant professor of English—and is intended to be completely subversive. Full scholarly artillery is centered on Lawrence the man, the prophet, the "proto-fascist," and the novelist. With the myth reduced to absurdity—a fairly simple task—Lawrence the writer is left very little: an ability to explore "levels below those explored by Henry James or James Joyce"; a prose which "has the power of a tom-tom to provoke emotions and to dull the mind"; a feminine gift of intuition (this noun attracts two modifiers in Dr. Tindall's text—"religious" and "almost bestial"); some energy and some sincerity. For Dr. Tindall admits that Lawrence, though a fool, was not a knave.

Susan the cow, we should state at once, is the symbol of Lawrence's private religion. She is also Isis; and because she received some attention from Mme Blavatsky she is made into a ridiculous symbol. Lawrence, the "bovalatrous man," shares in the ridicule shown his sacred animal by his latest critic. Dr. Tindall goes on to prove Lawrence a first-rate symptom of modern romanticism—and this romanticism, to Dr. Tindall, is the same mindless nonsense which floated about in the time of Wordsworth. Lawrence, moreover, failed as a novelist because he tried to succeed as a prophet; the defects of his novels may be traced to his peculiar religious obsessions. Many of his contemporaries, it is admitted, created "artificial rocks" [of Ages] for themselves; in Yeats, however, a "spirit of critical detachment" fused such nonsense into good poetry. In Lawrence "the absurd raw materials, remaining raw and absurd, assume unusual importance. The meaning and the value of the work remain the meaning and value of the materials."

Dr. Tindall has performed some skilful feats of scholarly detection in tracing down the absurd raw materials. And in a moment of detachment he allows himself to quote William James: "Origins prove nothing." But in the case of Lawrence "the creative imagination failed to work its alchemy"; therefore Lawrence's interest in—and occasional cribbings from—theosophy, anthropology, Jung's theory of the unconscious, yoga, and Freud's psychoanalysis could produce only lamentable results. Dr. Tindall's interest in pushing his argument seems to invalidate every theory Lawrence touched because it was Lawrence who touched it. Perfectly arranged, carefully documented, meticulous to the last detail, Dr. Tindall's

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thesis suffers from the defect of almost all theses: everything which can spoil a point is either eliminated or played down. Another weapon, usually absent in detached critical surveys—and how Dr. Tindall loves the abstract idea of detachment!—but here used, is a pervasive tone of mockery. To a reader with an ear for the tone of smugness and prejudice, this continuous mocking sound greatly weakens the argument.

Lawrence's assumption of the combined robes of prophet and messiah was certainly grotesque. His character was childishly undeveloped; his emotional nature close to psychosis. The fact remains that Lawrence was a remarkably complex modern product, a genius, and, in spite of confusion and "lack of inner unity," one of the most remarkable poets of his generation. Dr. Tindall has simplified his task by treating Lawrence only as prophet and novelist. He has culled a good many laughable remarks from Lawrence's letters and prose works, but adds no examples of his finest "verse." Many of Lawrence's poems are poor, it is pointed out, because they preach; and the worth of his novels is questionable because they reflect regrettable notions concerning animism, polarity, and the dark power of the blood. Lawrence's accomplishment in view of his pretensions, it is stated, is pathetic. Lawrence's character and career, it is true, are full of pathos, but to track down the actual reasons for Lawrence's success and failure, his compulsions and obsessions, together with the reasons for the tragic "romanticism" of our times, requires a kind of humility, insight, and sympathy which are conspicuously lacking in Dr. Tindall.

Lawrence is allowed one or two telling statements, although his critic slides over their importance. "Every profound new movement makes a great swing also backward to some older, half-forgotten state of consciousness." The profound changes in modern writing have been nourished on discoveries—both scientific and intuitive—concerning the place and value of the "primitivism" Dr. Tindall deplores. Jung, Frazer, and Freud are not invalidated because Lawrence distorted their findings to suit his own drive toward reconciliation and compensation. The cow used as symbol of the female element, one of the profound symbols of the race, appealed to Lawrence for reasons Dr. Tindall does not recognize. Lawrence's value lay in his power, which he shared with some others of his generation, "of conquest over the unexplored land of human consciousness." It was less an unexplored land than an unexplored ocean; the conquest was more over depth than extent. And there is something frightening about depth, and one excellent antidote against fright is mockery.

Dr. Tindall carefully keeps out French literature from his discussion of English, although the interpenetration of the two since the nineties has been destructive to pure Wordsworthian romanticism. It is difficult for one who disagrees with his thesis and regrets his tone to find actual errors of fact. It is pleasant for such a one to discover that he defines the symbolists in the usual cant way—as dealers in "vagueness." Baudelaire's "vagueness" was the vagueness of the dissecting room; Rimbaud's, of the stick of dynamite. And it is pleasant to remember Arnold Bennett—completely without transcendental interests, as stated here—being generous to Lawrence. "He can do it sometimes. In fact, he can damned well do it sometimes."

LOUISE BOGAN

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Fascist Panorama

THE MARCH OF FASCISM. By Stephen Raushenbush. Yale University Press. $3.

THIS book comes at the right time. While propagandists in all quarters confuse still more the contradictory surface appearances of the turbulent present, Mr. Raushenbush attacks the essential problem of our time with the admirable coolness and sobriety of an engineer who nevertheless has a heart in the right place. He takes apart the motor which makes society move at breath-taking speed on dangerous roads. His approach is not that of the politician or the moralist, whose attempts to stem the tide of totalitarianism have proved so ineffective. He has written a readable but uncompromising and very complete book. Even the well-informed reader acquainted with the facts presented will be fascinated by the way the immense amount of material is organized and made to serve the author's thesis.

The title of the book is an understatement. The author narrates in short, highly instructive chapters, packed with knowledge and an excellent selection of essential details, the post-war histories of Germany, Austria, Italy, and the Balkans, with accent on all the material and psychological trends which have contributed to the present state of affairs. He examines the position and the function of the church in those states and the use of anti-Semitism as a means to power. These studies would in themselves form a full and instructive volume, but Raushenbush makes them serve a higher purpose. Having read critically all there was to read about contemporary Europe, he went abroad to see with his own eyes, to speak with people in every walk of life and of every kind of conviction, in order to find out whether the totalitarianism of the Old World has any chance of success in the New, and what will be the best defense against it.

> There is material enough, and to spare, for the making of a purely American fascism today. There are a striking number of similarities, actual and potential, between ourselves and the formerly democratic nations of central Europe which succumbed to fascism. Yet there are also great dissimilarities which should not be forgotten.

From his main thesis that on a certain level a job is more important to the average man than freedom, his ideas for a defense against fascism also spring.

> We must make up our minds rather rapidly how we can give liberty, equality, fraternity, and prosperity. We must summon the vestiges of Yankee ingenuity, the hard pioneering of our early days, the longing of all our people for a real freedom, the drama of our crowded cities, the gambling energy of the West, to help to develop a dynamic program.

If no detailed outline of this program is attempted, the ground is at least effectively cleared for it. The reader of "The March of Fascism" has the whole panorama of the modern landscape before his eyes—freed from the ugly advertising slogans of current political fashions. He is enabled to think for himself afresh, and to reexamine the values of what he beholds. This, of course, as the author knows, is merely a starting-point from which to go into action.

> Men will not rally and fight endlessly for little objectives or mean ideals. Given faith in a great cause they will

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find support in all corners of the earth. Such a faith must probably be found before we can expect to realize the American dream in our time and set the nation in full motion again. For without this faith in such values, the strain of years of crisis and wars ahead may make it easy for us, too, to be made into efficient and patriotic barbarians. The style has been set.

A short review cannot convey how thoroughly the author analyzes the problem and how effectively he exposes its essential difficulties. One realizes only after putting down his book how impressive it is. "The March of Fascism" is outstanding in contemporary political literature for its mastery of the material and, not less important, for its simplicity and unpretentiousness. And the breath of the faith for which Stephen Raushenbush is longing sometimes sweeps through his pages.

FRANZ HOELLERING

MUSIC

THE unwritten code of American music critics who are gentlemen is that one mentions a fellow-critic only to pay him a compliment or does not mention him at all, and in this way assures oneself of the same consideration. The English tradition is that one corrects a fellow-critic's error and takes the consequences. This makes for less comfortable critics, but for better criticism, and in this way for more enlightened readers.

A critic's verdict on this or that performance is negligible; what cannot be ignored is the general ideas on violin-playing or conducting or operatic performance that he puts into the heads of his readers in the process of giving his verdict on Heifetz or Barbirolli or the Metropolitan "Orfeo." For these ideas pile up to become the readers' understanding of music, the basis of their own judgments and attitudes; and it is therefore in the power of the critic to educate his readers or to corrupt them. Thus, when Deems Taylor, to build up Barbirolli for the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society and Columbia Broadcasting System, said: "The extraordinary thing about Mr. Barbirolli's tenure of office so far is that people have begun to realize that the Philharmonic is a great orchestra. They don't talk so much about the conductor, and I think that's the greatest tribute you can pay the conductor of any orchestra," he not only, incidentally, knifed Toscanini but misstated fact, since what people had formerly talked about was Toscanini's ability to reveal the capacities of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and they were talking now about Barbirolli's inability to do so; and he gave the utmost plausibility to an incorrect idea about the relation of a conductor to an orchestra. The blandly treacherous attack on Toscanini provoked some of the New York critics into violating the code and rebuking Mr. Taylor; but more important was the blandly treacherous attack on his hearers' understanding, and the fact that Mr. Taylor's use of this dust-in-the-eyes technique, during the many years that he has written and spoken on music without drawing a murmur from his colleagues, has filled the heads of his readers and listeners with more incorrect facts and ideas than one would have thought it possible for one person to have.

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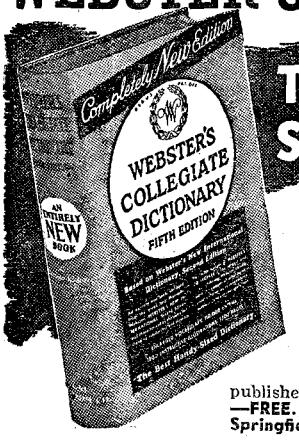

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This, it seems to me, is something which a commentator on the musical scene must concern himself with. Not only is criticism itself a part of this scene, but it is a part which in large measure shapes this scene, and which must therefore be watched most vigilantly. If our musical life is the worse for a Barbirolli at the head of a New York Philharmonic it is the worse for the criticism which helped to make this possible—not only Gilman's review of Barbirolli's first appearance here, which would have been suitable for the first appearance of Toscanini, Muck, and Mahler combined, but the articles in which Henderson, irritated by the fuss and hysteria about Toscanini, hammered away year after year against prima donna conductors.

That brings us to reasons. A critic may fail through mere inability to hear, judge, think; and that accounts for some very bad criticism. But Henderson knew how great orchestral performance was produced; and if, nevertheless, he wrote those deplorable articles it was because on those occasions the knowledge and taste of a critic were displaced by the emotions of a moralist. I once pointed out here that Shaw was the finest of music critics not only because of the critical resources he brought to the job, but because of the integrity that caused him to use all these resources of knowledge, taste, literary skill, and wit to deal rigorously with his subject as it required to be dealt with; and the bad critic is one who allows himself to be deflected from such rigorous justice. He may do so for the reason that Henderson did. Or he may, in Shaw's words, be "afraid of his friends, of his enemies, of his editor, of his own ignorance" and "hopelessly muzzled by the mere mass of [his] personal acquaintance." Or he may use his subject to show off what he thinks are his knowledge, taste, literary skill, and wit; and whether it is Gilman using it to write belles-lettres, or Chotzinoff to pose as the hard-boiled, blasé critic whom nothing can fool and nothing, almost, can impress, his subject suffers.

All this holds for criticism of jazz. Good criticism is just as important here; bad criticism is just as prevalent, and for the same reasons. But that must be left to next week.

B. H. HAGGIN

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